new masses

15¢ • in canada 20¢ aug. 19, 1947

Is There a Nazi Underground?

by Victor Minayev

DR. BARSKY: THE MAN

by Joseph North

THEY CALL IT "RITZY RELIEF"

by Virginia Stevens

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mail call

Subject of Women

To New Masses: In your issue of July 22 there was an article by Derek Kartun describing the Eleventh Congress of the French Communist Party at Strasbourg. In this article mention was made of a speech by Jeannette Vermeersch, the wife of Maurice Thorez, on the subject of women. It would seem to me, and perhaps to other women readers of your very valuable magazine, that this speech should be made available to us American women, since there is all too little written about our rights, home life, politics and social position from a Marxist point of view. Would this be possible?

A. L. Heller.

New York.

We have written to Mme. Vermeersch requesting a copy of her speech for possible publication in NM.—The Editors.

On "Toppy"

To New Masses: When the NM published the news of Morris Topchevsky's death, every one of us who had ever known him must have retreated for a moment into some chamber of memory—trying to lay hold on the reality of death because "Toppy" expressed so much of the reality of life in his work and in his attitude toward man's struggles.

We loved him deeply, and that's an easier thing to say than that we mourn his death. He was not a handsome person, in the conventional, misused meaning of the word, yet we always thought of him as a beautiful person. We treasure one piece of his work, a hand-painted Christmas card with an Indian motif, which he sent us. But even more we treasure his words. For "Toppy's" words had the quality of becoming flesh and blood, and we dare say that we are not the only two of his friends who can say that.

Born a Jew in one of those God-forsaken, tight little villages of the Czarist Pale, Morris Topchevsky had something of the quality of the great Rabbi Hillel who stressed so much the spirit rather than the letter of the Law. He never had to go into any mental convolutions about his relationship to the people because he never thought of himself as anything but one of them. He knew intimately and immediately Mexicans and Lithuanians, Greeks and Czechs from Chicago's "Little Bohemia." We had invited him to visit us at our place in the Tennessee hills, feeling that he would know as quickly our Scotch-Irish, squirrel-hunting neighbors.

He had promised to visit us one summer if he could tear himself away from the Indian villages of Mexico, whose people knew him as intimately as the people of Chicago's South Side where he lived. His trip to Tennessee never materialized, but some day artists working with the devotion and the understanding of "Toppy" will be drawing the mountain folk and portraying their culture.

And when our people get to know the meaning of formal art as deeply as they know the meanings of their own native art forms, they will get to know the work of "Toppy," outliving its creator but, in a profound sense, still living with him.

Harold and Celia Preece.

New York.

Love and Millionaires

To New Masses: In a love affair two is company, three is a crowd. A third party might function that way in the romance between the Republicans and Democrats. . . . Those experts who say that poverty makes Communists never mention that it also makes millionaires.

D. M. S.

Ridgefield, Conn.

He's On Safari

To New Masses: Let's have Harari every week. It's subtle and devastating. Give us more of it.

Washington, D. C. C. R.

new masses

established 1911

VOLUME LXIV, NUMBER 8

EDITORIAL BOARD:
STAFF: editor: JOSEPH NORTH. executive editor: A. B. MAGIL. managing editor: LLOYD L. BROWN. FREDERICK V. FIELD, JOHN STUART. washington editor: VIRGINIA GARDNER. art editor: CHARLES KELLER. assistant editors: JOSEPH FOSTER, CHARLES HUMBOLDT, BETTY MILLARD. ASSOCIATES: JAMES S. ALLEN, HERBERT APTHEKER, RICHARD O. BOYER, HOWARD FAST, WILLIAM GROPPER, V. J. JEROME, RALPH J. PETERS.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: LOUIS ARAGON • NATHAN AUSUBEL • LIONEL BERMAN • ALVAH BESSIE • DYSON CARTER W. E. B. DuBOIS • R. PALME DUTT • PHILIP EVERGOOD • SENDER GARLIN • BARBARA GILES • ROBERT GWATHMEY • ALBERT E. KAHN ROCKWELL KENT • ALFRED KREYMBORG • JOHN HOWARD LAWSON MERIDEL LE SUEUR • VITO MARCANTONIO • PABLO NERUDA ANTON REFREGIER • PAUL ROBESON • HOWARD SELSAM ISIDOR SCHNEIDER • SAMUEL SILLEN • JAMES TURNBULL CHARLES WHITE • DOXEY WILKERSON.

Fiesta: a short story Don Ludlow 3
A Case for the Doctor Joseph North 7
Portside Patter Bill Richards 9
They Call It "Ritzy Relief" Virginia Stevens . . 11
Working for Nothing: a film strip Peggy Kraft . 11
A Mistake, Mr. Meyer? Virginia Gardner . . .
The Nazi Underground Victor Minayev 12
Book Reviews: The New Europe, by William Z. Foster: John Pittman; Report On the Germans, by W. L. White: Charles Wisley 20
Films Ethel Klein 23

Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notification sent to New Masses rather than the Post Office will give the best results. Vol. LXIV, No. 8. Published weekly by The New Masses, Inc., 104 E. 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y. Copyright, 1947, The New Masses, Inc. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Washington Office, 802 F St. NW, Room 28. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $6.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions and Mexico; six months $3.50; three months $2.00. Foreign, $7.00 a year; six months $4.00; three months $2.25. In Canada $6.50 a year, $4.00 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20 cents Canadian money. New Masses welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIESTA

In the conference room the man with the sore foot said the union was wasting his time. But perhaps the little girl would not have agreed.

A Short Story by DON LUDLOW

Illustrated by Amen.

HIGH over the valley the silver monoplane circled for altitude. The pilot leaned from the open cockpit and smiled down with aloofness at the small desert city. For two hours he would be above the furnace heat of the land, above the efforts and pains of mankind. When the plane reached the proper altitude the pilot rolled into the complex turns of his skywriting. From the tail of the silver plane spurted the first white plume of the word *Fiesta*. . . .

The liquid brass of the noon sun dripped down on the little city. It bedded the tire-treads of the parked cars deep into the macadam. Where the light struck the glass and the white metal trim of the cars it bent sharp splinters of fire into the eyes of the people on the sidewalk. The man in the grey business suit and the new yellow riding boots slanted the brim of his big fiesta hat against the reflected light. There was a frown pinching his forehead, and he was limping, favoring his left foot.

When the man reached the shadow of the hotel awning he turned through the swinging doors and entered the pale, air-conditioned greenness of the hotel lobby. He breathed deeply of the cool air and walked into the bar, seating himself where he could gaze through the plate glass at the Alpine snow-scene montage.

When the waiter came the man said, "Collins. Sour"; then he raised his left leg and placed his ankle on his right knee. Within the yellow riding boot his foot was aching miserably. He could feel the ridge across his toes where the stiff leather had rubbed. The wrinkled flesh at the ball of his foot was hot from the narrowness of the new boot, and he wondered if his foot were blistered.

When he finished his first Collins the man ordered another and sighed. The coolness of the room was draining the heat from his clothing, and the drink was deadening his pain. He finished his second drink and rose, crossing the lobby to the conference room. He smiled as he seated himself at the side of the long table, placing his fiesta hat on the floor behind his chair. . . .

IN THE triangle formed by the intersection of the railroad tracks and the dry river bed the small, green house-trailer was hunched into a corner of the vacant lot. The lot faced an unpaved street, and was bordered on both sides by the low sun-parched houses of the district. Behind the lot, through the barbed-wire fence and across the tracks, were the melon-packing sheds.

The woman in the green trailer looked down at the baby on the bed. The flame of diaper gall on its thighs, and the rash of prickly heat running

over its round stomach and chest, drew the woman's eyes into a worried frown.

"Give me the powder, Margie," the woman said.

The little girl handed the powder can to her mother, and watched as the baby was dusted. Her eyes were serious, gathering each motion of the woman's hands as they smoothed the powder over the baby's skin. The woman finished and looked at the clock.

"Keep water in Richie's bottle," she said, "and if you're good, and mother doesn't have to work tonight, we'll go uptown to Fiesta."

The little girl hugged herself and nodded her head excitedly.

"I will, mother," she said, "I'll be real good."

The woman kissed the little girl and glanced around the interior of the trailer.

At the door she hesitated, looking back; then she stepped down onto the hot, baked soil of the lot. The white glare of the sun forced her eyelids down. She fumbled through the barbed wire of the fence and crossed the railroad tracks to the packing shed. As she mounted the steps to the loading platform the woman stopped and looked back at the green trailer. Then she entered the shed and seated herself at her place of work. . . .

In the brittle dryness of the melon field, hunched under the low-slung wagon, the man opened the paper sack and took out a sandwich. The bread was curled and hard, and the lunch meat was dehydrated and leathery. He gulped the food quickly, washing it down with the warm water from the glass jug. Scattered around the field, under their big straw sombreros, sat the melon pickers. In pairs and groups, and singly, they humped themselves over their noonday meal. Their faces were grimed with yellow dust, and streaked with the sweat that ran in endless streams from their hair roots.

The man under the wagon finished his lunch and lit a cigarette. The dry tobacco was harsh and bitter. He coughed and spat, looking at the paper burning, with a crackling sound, up the side of the cigarette.

When the half hour was gone the man crawled from under the wagon and climbed into the cab of the short trailer truck. He started the motor and the pickers rose and stretched their muscles. Then they began their work, heaving the coarse burlap melon bags

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

along the rows as they picked. When the sacks were full the men got to their knees, fitting the load to their shoulders, then staggered to their feet. Bent almost double they plodded to the wagon, to climb the drag-ramp and dump their load.

AT THE conference table in the hotel, the man with the sore foot rubbed his right boot sole over his left instep. The attorney for the union shuffled his stack of typewritten papers and then looked up at the chairman.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "the next point we wish to present is a request that the employers join us in petitioning federal aid for housing and child care."

The attorney for the shippers leaned forward in his chair.

"We request that this be off the record," he said.

The chairman raised his eyebrows.

"The subject is no part of this hearing, Mr. Chairman," the lawyer went on. "Unless both sides agree it may not be entered on the record."

The chairman nodded to the stenographer who placed his pencil in the wire loops of his notebook and leaned back. The four-day grind of the hearing had given him a backache, and he was glad for the respite.

"We feel, Mr. Chairman," the union attorney began again, "that we can convince the shippers it would be to our mutual advantage to take this action."

"You may proceed, off the record," the chairman replied. The heat had dried his skin, and a small hangnail was rising in his index finger. He pressed the sliver of cuticle down and felt a little stab of pain.

The man with the sore foot crossed his ankles. His foot was hot and throbbing now. He wiggled his toes and thought of taking off his boot, but decided against it.

"As you know," the lawyer for the union said, "the majority of the workers in this industry are migrants. They have no permanent homes, and when they move from job to job they carry all their belongings with them. Their living conditions, in the main, are intolerable. They are forced to pay unbelievable rents for impossible shacks and rooms. A great many cannot find housing of any kind, and are forced to live in their cars and in lean-tos along the irrigation ditches."

He paused, and raised a sheaf of papers from the table.

"We have recorded proof of these conditions," he said. He handed the papers to the chairman, and continued. "Those of the workers who have house trailers are jammed in anywhere they can find space. They are parked in back yards and on vacant lots, and even in the river bottoms. The sanitary conditions are practically nonexistent. And I wish to remind the shippers that the people I am talking about are the workers who are absolutely necessary to this industry; without them the crops would rot in the fields."

He paused and turned a sheet of brief, and then continued:

"Regarding the children of these workers, Mr. Chairman. . . ."

A bellboy, with his cap set aslant on his head, slipped quietly into the room and spoke to the man with the sore foot. The man rose and left the table, limping after the boy.

"It's your wife, I think, sir," the boy said, "Something wrong at home."

The man sat down wearily at a little glass-topped phone table and called a number.

"Yes, Grace?" he said, when he heard his wife's voice. There was a note of irritation in his tone. He was looking down at his foot, rubbing his left knee. The pain was beginning to creep up the tendons of his leg.

The woman's first words were lost in the sound of the jukebox, as the door of the bar was flung open.

"What?" he shouted into the phone.

"The air conditioning," the woman said, "something is wrong with the air conditioning."

"Oh my God," the man sighed. Then into the phone he said: "For the love of God, Grace, can't you call the company?"

The woman's voice was shrill with a persistent petulance: "They can't or won't send a man today, and the house is like an oven."

The man lifted his foot and rubbed the yellow leather of his boot over his toes.

"Well, take the children and go over to your mother's." His anger lifted his voice to a shout: "And don't call me up about things like that, do you understand. I'm busy, busy, busy—" There was a sound of exasperated tears in his voice—"I'm so damn busy I don't know whether I'm coming or going."

The woman's voice was grim: "The children are taking their nap," she said. "I suppose you're so busy you've forgotten you promised to take them to Fiesta tonight."

"Oh God," the man said, and slammed the receiver onto its base.

IN THE green trailer, in the corner of the lot, the little girl sat on the floor dressing her doll. The heat waves from the metal walls and roof of the trailer converged upon her, dampening her body and bringing a bright flush to her face. She wiped the sweat from her hands on the front of her apron, to keep from soiling the doll's dress.

"You be good, now," she said, pulling the dress down over the doll's head, "and if you're good you can go to Fiesta. But if you're bad you stay home—do you hear?" She turned the doll over on her lap and gave it a spank. Then she clutched it to her and rocked it gently, singing a quiet little song, her face pressed against the doll's hair.

The baby whimpered in its sleep, and the little girl sighed. She placed the doll carefully on the floor and went to the bed at the end of the trailer. The baby's body was soaked in sweat; rivulets were running from the wrinkles at its neck, and the powder on its chest and stomach was moistened to a paste. She took up the powder can and sprinkled the baby. Then she went to the narrow metal sink and wet her hands, brushing them lightly over the baby's fuzzy hair. It wrinkled its face into a grimace, and the little girl giggled softly in amusement. The baby continued sleeping, and she tiptoed back to the doll.

"My goodness," she said to the doll, "you certainly are a bother."

For the next hour she played with the doll, dressing and undressing it, scolding and loving it in response to its imagined conduct. The heat of the afternoon was growing more intense. She went to the sink and wet her own hair, brushing it back from her hot forehead. Then she put her doll in its crib. She went to the door and looked out into the white blaze of the afternoon sunlight. Under the house, beyond the fence, she saw the old black dog sleeping in the shade. He was lying on his side, panting heavily, his tongue lolling from his mouth and flicking the dust before his nose. She called softly, but the dog did not stir, and her gaze went across the tracks to the packing sheds where her mother was working. She watched the trucks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulling up to dump their loads of melons, but her father was not among the men, and she could not hear the sound of their voices. Watching them only made her feel lonely, and she turned back into the trailer.

"I wish there was somebody to talk to," she said aloud. Then she went to the table and sat down. She picked up the clock, running her finger over the glass, trying to figure out the time.

"Well," she sighed, "I guess I'll just have to do something."

Her eyes wandered over the trailer. Then they stopped, and she smiled. She got up quickly and ran to the cupboard. She opened the vegetable drawer and took out the paper bag containing potatoes. Then she opened the little drawer by the sink and took out a table knife. Her movements were quick and decided. She would peel the potatoes and have them ready for her mother when she got home from work. As she hacked and gouged the skins from the potatoes, sitting on the floor and holding them against her stomach, she was excited, and her lips quirked into repeated smiles. She was imagining the words and the looks of unbelief her mother would have when she saw them ready to cook.

The potatoes were dirty and slashed into odd shapes when she finished, but she did not notice, she felt only a swelling of pride at her accomplishment. She put them in a pot of water, and placed them on the stove. When she had taken the peeling out to the garbage can, she returned and sat down on a chair, contemplating her work. Her mind was debating the question of the stove. You pumped the handle on the tank, and then you turned the red knob, and then you lit the match. She was a little frightened, but she had seen her mother do it many times. If the potatoes were cooked, too, her mother would be all the more pleased. She jumped up and climbed onto the chair. She could not work the pump, but then you didn't always have to do that. She turned the red knob, slowly at first, then spinning it around as it loosened. She heard the familiar spit and bubble as the gasoline spurted through the needle into the generating pan. In the hot air the fumes stung her nostrils, and she wrinkled her nose as she reached over the stove to the blue matchbox on the window sill. . . .

UNDER the corrugated tin roof of the melon shed the woman sat on her high stool before the checker's desk. On the endless belt the crated cantaloupes moved before her fixed eyes in a slow stream. The dry, musty odor of the hot melons filled the air. The woman's left arm rose and fell, wiping away the sweat beads that formed in her eyebrows. The low rumble of the melons, rolling down the taut canvas of the packing bins, and the sweeping rustle of the wrapping tissue, made a drowse over her work. Below the racks of empty crates she caught glances of the packers working. The men's faces and arms glistened with the sweat wrung from them by the heat and their rapid movements. Their hands were a blur, grasping the melons, flashing them into the wrappers and placing them in the crates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a steady pounding rhythm. Beyond the packers, up the slanting width of the wide bin, the sorters picked the melons from the moving belt, seizing them quickly, rejecting the culls, flicking the good ones down to the packers. Beyond the sorters, between their bent heads and the metal eave of the roof, the sky was a thin blue strip filled with hard light. Across the tracks was the green trailer.

At the first shout the woman did not move. In the dull swing of her work, her eyes rising and falling from the crates to the paper before her, where her fingers moved the pencil automatically to the proper column, she was in a mood of abstracted isolation. She did not grasp the meaning of the words when the truck driver shouted. Then a voice rose shrilly through the heavy sounds:

"Marion, my God, your trailer!"

The woman threw herself away from the tally desk, staggering when her numbed legs received the weight of her body. All the doubts and unvoiced fears of the past days clutched her throat in the quick, strangling grasp of iron fingers. When she reached the platform she could see the trailer. Flames spurted from the windows and the door. They licked high, pale, almost invisible tongues into the bright air. The flames retreated and then lashed again, vomiting out a bubble of smoke. There were people running with her, but the woman did not see them. Her eyes were fixed on the door of the green trailer. She did not know that she had fallen when she stumbled over a tie at the tracks and went sprawling over the rails. The blistering metal of the sun-heated rails wrenched a horror-twisted sound from her throat as she began to crawl, dragging her body forward. A man running beside her stooped and lifted her to her feet, and she began to run again. From her throat the sound continued to come, dry, croaking, horrible.

At the fence she was clawing at the barbed wire, gasping in the brutal heat roaring from the trailer door, when hands grasped her body and jerked her back.

"For Christsake lady," a voice shouted, "you can't go in there."

She did not hear the words, she only felt the arms wrapped around her body, dragging her back. She twisted and struck at the man, driving her claw bent fingers into his face. The blood sprang through the torn skin in scarlet ribbons that ran from his eyes to his chin. The man cringed and buried his face against the woman's body, but his arms tightened around her. The woman struggled on for a terrifying moment, using her nails and teeth with animal fury. Then, suddenly, her head went stiffly back and her eyes, wide and staring, were looking into the sky. The iron fingers that had been clutching her throat broke and she screamed a long burst of agonized sound. Then her body relaxed in unconsciousness, and a sob, that was repeated by the people around her, came from her lips.

The metal shell of the trailer, filled with the fury of consuming violence, hunched and shivered, and small fingers of blue flame slipped from the door and windows and felt their way over the boiling green paint. . . .

In the conference room the man with the sore foot was speaking. His toes and the ball of his foot were a continuous throb of pain, now. He paused until the sound of the fire siren faded away to its dull grumbling moan, and then continued:

"I agree with our attorney," he said, "the union is only wasting their time and ours on this question." . . .

High overhead the silver advertising monoplane flashed in the sun. From the side of the cockpit the pilot, looking down, saw a small wisp of smoke rising from the triangle where the railroad tracks crossed the dry river bed.

"Fire in Mex. town," he said to himself. "Hell of a day for a fire."

Then he looked away.

How Come, Secretary Marshall?

FACTS, a great Marxist once commented, are stubborn things. And James Reston, one of the star reporters of the New York *Times*, would, we feel, agree — providing nobody mentioned the political derivation of the man who made that comment.

Mr. Reston is currently writing from Poland—you know, from behind That Curtain. And some stiff-necked facts keep getting in his way. For one inexplicable reason or another the Poles are not going to hell in a Warsaw droshky. Writing from Breslau, where once the monocled Junker strode his arrogant way, things are happening that jar even a star *Times* reporter. A few facts, as recorded by Mr. Reston:

"What has happened in the last year and a half is tribute to the industry and will-power of the Poles. They have in this time brought most of the faculty of Lwow University here and got it operating full time in the bombed but partly restored Breslau University buildings along the Oder. They have reestablished a technical university and a large commercial school in addition to more than a dozen technical high schools of various kinds and a complete system of primary education.

"Four daily newspapers are being published in the city, one Communist, two Socialist and one 'democratic.'

"The Poles have somehow conspired to gather together a symphony orchestra and an opera company that compare with anything the United States has outside New York. A repertory theater company is beginning its second season. A conservatory of music has just finished a successful year. Seventeen scientific and cultural societies have been formed. And a system of public health and welfare has prevented any serious outbreak of disease. . . .

"But even if in political terms the Poles here are not being wise, in human terms *they are magnificent.*"

"They are magnificent." Will somebody explain how come a people living behind the Iron Curtain, enslaved by a great power to the East, ridden with a totalitarian set-up, paralyzed with fear by a dreadful secret police, can find within itself the power to be "magnificent"? Either the facts are crazy—facts which Mr. Reston saw with his own eyes—or some interpretations being fed the American people by our State Department (and by Mr. Reston's colleagues) are way off base.

How do you explain it, Secretary Marshall?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CASE for the DOCTOR

His anti-fascist record is known to millions—but what kind of a man is this Dr. Barsky?

By JOSEPH NORTH

REMEMBER that popular old painting you encountered in almost every home some years ago: the bearded doctor sitting with inexhaustible patience at the bedside of the sick child, the lamp burning dimly in the room? The painting was called "The Doctor," and whatever else the artist meant he suggests a sense of infinite love in that hunched figure of the venerable physician totally absorbed with the fate of his little patient. Dr. Edward K. Barsky doesn't have that painting on any of his walls, but the Kathe Kollwitz that presides over his parlor carries the equivalent connotation. Old Kollwitz' love for the ordinary people of her homeland communicated itself to millions everywhere in the drawings of mother and child, of the hungry, wide-eyed children reaching their skinny arms for a bowlful of gruel. I think of Barsky the doctor as I do of Kollwitz the artist. Both great in heart as in talent, both totally absorbed with the pain of mankind, both revered by millions in many lands.

Of course you couldn't say any of this to Barsky's face: his brusque, business-like manner wouldn't brook the slightest hint of sentimentality. Unlike the bearded venerability of the physician in the painting, Dr. Barsky appears to be the quintessence of the successful New Yorker. Trim, erect in his double-breasted suit, impeccably clad, he would dismiss such notions in the clipped monosyllables that mark his speech. There is about his manner, his talk, his gestures, the sureness of the surgeon trained to reduce the false move to the minimum. And he is regarded as one of the best surgeons in the East, a quality which seems to come natural in his family of physicians. His father was respected by thousands in the lower East Side and his brother is a nationally prominent specialist. Born and reared in New York City, Barsky is a product of its local public schools and of Columbia University, from whose medical school he graduated back in 1919. An eminently successful practitioner, he has come to be regarded as one of the nation's foremost humanitarians by millions in our nation and by many more in Spain, France, Mexico, Latin America. Actually he is more than that: the Kollwitz drawing in his parlor is faced, across the room, by an angry Gropper —no accident of artistic taste. This prototype of the successful American surgeon is preeminently an anti-fascist who knows that healing a sick individual is integral to healing a sick world. And because he stands by every staccatto phrase he speaks, his talents are regarded with less than objectivity by certain men in Washington who understand him as clearly as a Neanderthal man would a stethoscope.

Naturally he is enigma to J. Parnell Thomas, as well as anathema. The only way they know to deal with men of his caliber is to put them behind prison walls — after efforts at total defamation. Barsky has been sentenced to six months in jail for refusing to turn over to the Neanderthal men the names of American and Spanish anti-fascists; ten others of the joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, which Dr. Barsky heads, have been sentenced to three months. The cases are being appealed. The attack on them has, however, evoked thousands of letters, such as this that I quote at random from the stacks in the offices of the JAFRC:

"Every person with whom I come in contact will be given your letter asking for aid to the Spanish Republicans. Words fail me in trying to express my gratitude for the great personal sacrifice you and the other members of the refugee committee are making but please accept my humble thanks. . . ." There are many other letters, in Spanish, that come across the seas from southern France and from Mexico, where hospitals tending to the sick of the Spanish Republican refugees stand as monuments to Barsky's tireless labors; letters scrawled in pencil and redolent with old-world courtliness of expression—"Please accept my appreciative consideration as well as my respectful greetings. We keep a good memory of you." Or: "May you live many years in order to continue your charitable work for the unfortunate. Without saying more than to ask your pardon for the sad lamentations of people who are extremely grateful for your many attentions, and with wishes that destiny will give you long years of prosperous and happy life, we remain yours forever. . . ."

Dr. Edward K. Barsky

WHAT impelled a successful surgeon—in the top ranks by any standards applied by, say, the gentlemen of the American Medical Association—to throw in his lot with the poor and suffering of Spain; with those in America who would find life abhorrent if it were not free? Who is Barsky? And why?

"I came to what I am," he says precisely, "for very simple reasons. Nothing complicated. As an American I could not stand by and see a fellow-democracy kicked around by Mussolini and Hitler. Republican Spain was invaded. Fascist Berlin and Rome invaded her. Right? Franco was a fascist. Right? I wanted to help Republican Spain. I did. Is it simple or complex?"

As a doctor, Barsky felt that he and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

others like him could best help Spain with medical relief. As head of the American Medical Bureau to Help Spanish Democracy he organized the shipments of urgently-needed medical supplies—"from diaper pins to operating lamps."

"After a while I felt Spain could use doctors too. How better help than using our skills to aid democracy? So I went over! Simple or complicated?"

Dr. Barsky went over with the first contingent of doctors and nurses. Eventually some fifteen to twenty doctors and about the same number of nurses found their way to Spain. The first group set up a seventy-five-bed hospital, completely equipped, but scarcely had that enterprise got under way when Barsky saw the need for a far greater contribution. Ultimately some seven fully equipped American hospitals were functioning in Spain, tending to the requirements of thousands of the wounded. And before Barsky's stay in Spain ended — he worked there from January, 1937, until August, 1938—he became head of the Sanitary Services of the International Brigades, in charge of some hundreds of medical workers, men and women from a score of lands whose skills and talents were organized and directed by the New Yorker.

"The highlights of my work there?" he repeated a question I asked. "What do you call 'highlights'? Setting up seven frontline hospitals in seven weeks? Is that a highlight? Setting up base hospitals, seeing to it they had their quota of pots, pans, dishes, all types of equipment? Seeing that railroad connections were cleared in bringing the wounded in from the fronts, finding places for them—would you call those highlights? Operating on patients with the walls shaking so from bombardments that the nurses found it impossible to work? It was humdrum work and it was necessary. So we did it."

That was all there was to it, nothing dramatic, nothing romantic. Straightforward, hard, grueling, painstaking work every waking moment of day and night. The expert surgeon had expected nothing different and found nothing different. It was all in the line of duty, the duty of an antifascist; although such words as "duty" are not to be found in the Barsky vocabulary, the concept is implicit in everything the man does. But it would be as infinitely embarrassing for him to use such words as it would be for him to express what he really was—a soldier in the service of democracy. This urbane, expert man is a tireless soldier who goes where duty calls, whether it means the frontline trenches of Teruel, Jarama, Belchite, or the witness-stand before the Thomas-Rankin Un-American Committee in Washington.

Spanish refugees in France. "Lots of guys still walking around in France—no arm, no leg. All diseases are worse this year than last. Hungry for two years, disease gets worse." Dr. Barsky hasn't forgotten the men he sewed up ten years ago in Spain. And the Un-American Committee has rewarded him with a six-month prison sentence.

THE close-lipped veterans of the Lincoln Brigade, who share Barsky's reticence in the use of the resounding words, relax somewhat when they talk about the man.

Steve Nelson, one of the outstanding warriors of the Lincoln Brigade whose face is scarred from a bullet at Belchite, says, "His name will go down in the history of Spain as one of the very first doctors to come from abroad to help the Republic. He got down to do the things, no fanfare, no newspaper headlines, nothing. Just a matter of fact. My first impression of Barsky was terrific. Barsky was organizing a medical base for the whole front down in the South when I came to see him. I had just arrived. They led me to an olive tree, unusually large for those olive trees in Spain, you remember. It was more like a spreading oak. When I got closer I could see a camouflaged automobile. When I asked for Barsky a nurse outside pointed inside the auto. I saw him through the window, his face in a mask, operating on a man who had a bad stomach wound, and the doctor seemed to be fingering yards of intestines which were sprawling all over the place. I watched Doc find the bullet hole, do what was necessary, sew up the wound. Then he came out, sweating like a waterfall, into the hot Spanish afternoon. No sooner did he come out than we saw an airplane overhead.

"'Jesus,' Barsky said, 'they've spotted the car.' Barsky gave orders to move the operating ambulance immediately. Somebody thought perhaps the plane didn't spot us. Some were loath to move as it involved a lot of hard work, digging trenches and a deep pit for the equipment. But Barsky said 'Got to move. Now.' He immediately jumped into a car, found another place, and those around set to digging."

The following dawn, Steve relates, the plane came over and bombed the spot where the ambulance had been the previous day. "That's Barsky," Steve said. "It made a terrific impression on me. He made up his mind, nobody could sway him, and he was right."

"I remember," the veteran brigader continued, "what he had done at first was, so to speak, tactical. But they quickly saw he had strategic qualities, and he rose to top responsibilities in the medical service. Every time I saw him I remember how he kept looking for changes in America, for changes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that would mean help to Republican Spain from our government."

Barsky is still looking for those changes, and moreover doing his bit to see that Republican Spain is not forgotten. His work at the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee is unique. In the large bare rooms of their quarters at 192 Lexington Avenue, the staff regards him with a feeling tantamount to reverence.

"We never saw anybody with such single-mindedness," one of them told me. "His entire life is wrapped in the work of helping the refugees, in helping Spain. He comes to the office frequently, wants to know everything. 'What's this?' he asks. 'Where's it going?' He keeps his finger on every part of the work." They regard his brusque manner of speech with affectionate tolerance, knowing, as they told me, that it falls off like a garment when he discusses a problem, whatever its nature. "Inside, he's kind as a grandmother," one of the office workers said.

He finds time from his many operations to sit in at staff meetings, asking innumerable questions, getting the facts.

Talk to Barsky about the committee, and he grows as close to lyricism as it is possible for a man of his temperament. "Best committee in America," he says flatly. "No committee in America has this tradition." It was well nigh impossible to get him off the subject. When I asked what he does beside his surgery and the committee he regarded me with perplexity, as though wondering what more could interest a man.

"I go to the theater once in a while," he replied after a moment of thought. "Otherwise I read books. All kinds of books. Technical books, detective stories, and, of course," as though one might for a moment think otherwise, "everything that comes out on Spain." And he was instantly back on the committee. "We've got a lot of work to do. Lots of guys still walking around in France—no arm, no leg. All diseases are worse this year than last. Hungry for two years, disease gets worse. Right? Take our Walter B. Cannon Memorial Hospital in south of France. Sixty-four beds. Took care of 400 in February 1946; 1,400 in February 1947. Understand? More hunger, more diseases."

"Public's behind us more today than ever before. Our people behind us 100 percent. Got a large list of sponsors, all over the country. Know how many resigned because of this latest business? Two. That's how many. Two."

He seemed impatient when I asked him about the case, and he is impatient. It gets in the way of helping the refugees. The letter he sent to the thousands of the committee's supporters after his sentence to six months' imprisonment says: "Even though we are entangled in this court case, we know you will want to do everything possible to see that no Spanish refugee suffers because of it. . . . I am writing you because I feel I can count on you to understand, not only the implications of the charges against us, but more important, the needs of the Spanish Republican refugees. . . ."

He is totally aware of "the implications of the charges," which he regards as a flagrant invasion of our democratic traditions and institutions. "We, as a group," he responds, "cherish our democratic traditions . . . believe in democracy strongly enough to take any necessary risk to oppose the Wood-Rankin Committee, which has unjustly attacked us." In his statement before Judge Keech he said, "I have every respect for the dignity of Congress and it seems to me that the actions of this House Committee on Un-American Activities have impugned that dignity of Congress. . . . In trying to test out legally whether or not the House Committee on Un-American Activities had the right to do what it did, and in the way it did, seems to me would be exercising properly the legal apparatus of our government."

His stand is admired by hundreds of thousands of Americans who agree with him to the last jot and tittle. They believe, with O. John Rogge, counsel for the committee, that it is due "to the Dr. Barskys and to the other members of the Executive Board of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee that we have the civil liberties which we today enjoy." Because of that agreement letters are stacking up in the JARFC offices from all over America and the world, from figures like Pablo Picasso and other universally famous men to the unknown woman from Milwaukee who wrote: "My heart is sad by your suffering. I only wish I could help more. All the money I have to give is in this envelope. I gladly give my widow's mite. God bless your work is my prayer."

The gruff, urbane man reads this letter silently. Without comment. And puts it carefully away on top of the high stack of mail. I think of Kathe Kollwitz, the large, dark eyes of her children, and of the mother in her drawings. And I take another look at Doctor Barsky.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

It is said that two of the latest type atomic bombs exploded simultaneously could make the United States uninhabitable. And if that didn't work we could always elect a Republican President.

●

Britain has been critized for keeping up such a large military force while receiving loans from Wall Street. The critics see no need for a large army with 45,000,000 already under alms.

●

Governor Dewey says that organized labor must be shielded. This amounts to saying that everyone who has just been beaten over the head with a club should be given a helmet.

●

Eric Johnston, the movie Czar, says that Britain can't be allowed to fail. After all, think what it would mean to world freedom, the United Nations and the market for American films.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the royal wedding in England. The idea is to have the whole affair come off with but a single hitch.

●

At least one London paper has objected to the marriage of the Princess to a Greek Royalist. They seem to think that Greece has already received enough from England without this extra 140 pounds.

●

President Truman told a group of boys studying model government that every one of them could probably do a better job as President. Mr. Truman is too modest—only about ninety percent could.

●

A rotten tomato was hurled at Eva Peron's car in Switzerland. This falls into the general category of fighting fire with fire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY CALL IT "RITZY RELIEF"

But behind the newspaper headlines is a story of human misery—and a cold-blooded political plot.

By VIRGINIA STEVENS

THE grounds of New York City's Municipal Lodging House are not landscaped. A sordid lane of junk shops, shabby lunch wagons and crumbling tenements leads to its door. As I approached, a man on crutches wearing a crumpled Army uniform came carefully down the steps. On the sidewalk in front of the building a group of men stood with the uncertain postures of people who have nowhere to go and nothing to do. The building itself looked like a dilapidated prison.

On the threshold the mingled odor of formaldehyde and stew enveloped me. The men were finishing their flophouse lunch. A man in a shiny dark suit asked me what I wanted. I asked for the Department of Welfare caseworker. "You mean Mrs. D——? Second floor." I thanked him and hurried on into the elevator. I had come to see if there were families still living in this dismal refuge as a result of the New York *World Telegram's* attack on the Welfare Department two months before.

The elevator stank of unwashed clothes and more formaldehyde. On the second floor, at one end of a long dark room, women were eating their lunch off aluminum trays; at the other end I saw rows of children's cribs. As I turned toward them a woman stopped me. "Mrs. D—— is in her office eating lunch. I'll tell her you're here," she said.

I went over to the cribs. There were at least a dozen, with a narrow aisle between them. On a stool in the aisle a stout young woman sat with a small baby in her lap. A boy of two or three slept in a crib nearby, and a slender blonde girl stood watching him. "He doesn't look good," she said to the woman holding the baby. "He sleeps too much."

"You can't place him while he's sick," a little woman who was making up a crib said.

I looked past these women through an open door into another larger room, dusty and bare. High windows let in the harsh summer light. There were a few rocking chairs and, in the back, many double-decker beds. Children played with old magazines on the bare floor. The place was like the waiting room of a shabby railroad station and the women had the dull look of refugees who had been there a long time.

"A hundred and nineteen women and kids in this place now," the blonde told me. "I've been here three weeks. I'm trying to get him placed." She gestured toward the sleeping boy.

"I've been here almost a week," the woman holding the baby said. "We were evicted last Monday. My husband's a vet, though. The vets will help him. He's out now looking. This is her baby." She pointed to the emaciated woman making up the crib. "She's been here three months."

The blonde girl said, "the first night my husband slept here they didn't give him a mattress. He slept on the springs with only a blanket."

The door to the office opened and a young woman walked briskly toward me. "No one is allowed up here without a permit. What do you want?"

"How many families are quartered here?" I asked.

"We are not allowed to give out any information. Come with me."

The blonde girl waved as I followed the case-worker through the other room and down some steps into a small office where a man with trembling hands gave me an agitated stare. "How did you get up on the second floor?" he asked.

"I understand there are one hundred and nineteen women and children here," I said. "Is that right?"

"I can't tell you," he said. "You'll have to call the publicity office of the Department of Welfare."

"This is a ghastly place for women and children."

He agreed nervously. "Maybe you think it's not tough trying to manage here with women and kids."

I told him I would call the Welfare later and he ushered me out with obvious relief.

The Department of Welfare wasn't cordial. There had been too much publicity. It was not "fair to the clients." There had been some unfortunate pictures of children who had to go to school from the Municipal Lodging House. . . .

IN MAY the New York *World-Telegram*, a Scripps-Howard paper, launched an attack on the city's Welfare Department which was followed almost immediately by a state investigation. Paxton Blair, former Republican Supreme Court Justice and Dewey appointee, promised a thorough probing of the city relief program and set up a special three-man committee to do the job for the State Board of Social Welfare. The political nature of the move was obvious from the start, for the State Comptroller's office had just completed a year's survey of the department which found its financial records in order.

City social workers saw the move as the opening gun in an attack upon the Social Security Act itself. With Hoover philosophy riding high in Washington they consider it inevitable that the Social Security Act should come under fire.

"Hoover backed poorhouse relief and Dewey follows in his footsteps," said Frank Herbst, youthful president of the United Public Workers, Local 1. He thought it no accident that New York City's relief program, most progressive in the country, should be the focus of the attack. "Although local politics were involved, the wider significance of the attack lay in its opposition to our modern relief methods," he said. "The Roosevelt idea implicit in the Social Security Act itself is that relief is the right of all citizens in need. But back of this attack lay the old Hoover line that relief is charity."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springboard of the *World-Telegram's* lurid "expose" was its sudden discovery that thirty-seven relief families were being lodged in hotels. "$6,255 SPENT ON ONE FAMILY IN HOTEL RELIEF" was a typical headline inspired by the fact that a repatriated and destitute Greek family — father, mother and seven children — were housed in two hotel rooms at the rate of ten dollars a day, or a little over a dollar per person. The family's allowance for food was about forty cents a meal for each member of the family. The mother was given $250 to clothe seven children. The money for this case was drawn from federal funds used to aid destitute repatriates and not from the city's relief funds.

According to the Welfare Department, the majority of people so housed in cheap hotels were either such cases or in the emergency fire or eviction categories. "What would these crusaders have us do with these families?" Commissioner of Welfare Edward E. Rhatigan, veteran social worker, demanded. "Let them wander the streets? Sleep on park benches? Beg for their food from passersby on the street?"

Relentlessly, the badgering continued. Hearst's *Journal-American*, the *Sun*, the *Daily News* and the *Mirror* jumped on the bandwagon. The papers dug into relief budgets and were shocked to find that clients were given allowances for laundry and for homeworkers whom the press dubbed "maids." Despite his brave words, Commissioner Rhatigan backed down; he ordered that the families living in hotels be moved to the Municipal Lodging House and began to tighten up on his already over-worked staff.

Meanwhile the Blair Committee went into action. Before it had received the requisitioned material from the Welfare Department the committee issued a blast questioning the ability of men and women on the relief rolls to handle money. It charged the Welfare Department with "inadequate use of direct payment to landlords to cover cases where clients have improvidently spent funds and not paid the rent."

There are 233,000 people now on New York City's relief rolls. The appropriation this year was $143,000,000, or $1.31 a day for each relief client. "De luxe relief," the papers called it. Back of the statistics are people struggling desperately to manage on such a budget.

I'LL CALL her Anna. She's a thin, big-boned Swedish girl, forced to give up her seven-month-old son because she couldn't keep him on the $100 a month allotted her by the Department of Welfare. Her husband, a veteran, is in a tuberculosis sanitarium out West. An airline job kept her in New York. She earned just enough to support herself and she lived in a six-dollar-a-week furnished room. Late in her pregnancy she began to search for a place that would be better for the baby. She could find nothing. When she left the hospital she had to take the baby to the same furnished room. Her money was gone. When she appealed to the Welfare Department, the case-worker advised her to place the baby with foster parents and return to her job. "I was having a tough time managing with the baby," she told me. "I had to go out to all my meals. I would have to take him and beg waiters to heat his bottle for me."

It costs sixty dollars a month to maintain a child in a foster home. Back on her job again, Anna managed it. But she longed for the baby. Under Welfare rules she could see him only once a month for two hours at a specified time.

Finally, she made up her mind to take him back and manage as best she could. Once again she needed the Welfare's help. But this time she found a furnished room that had running water and cooking facilities. The rent was fifteen dollars a week.

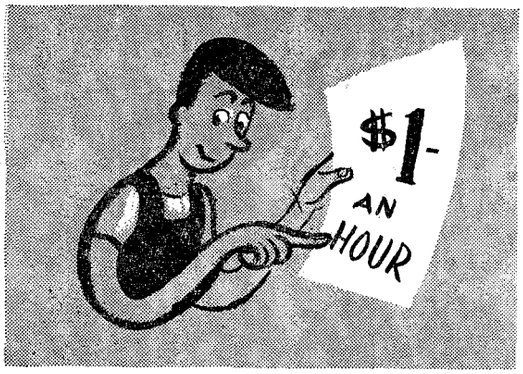
"Impossible on your budget," the case-worker said. "I took it anyway," Anna told me. "I was desperate. I didn't care about anything but managing to keep him." However, at the end of a month she gave it up. Most of her budget was going for rent; there was not enough left for food. It couldn't be done. As I talked to Anna, she held the smiling round-eyed baby on her lap. "I would give anything to keep him," she said. But she was going back to her job and her son was going once again to a foster home.

JIM R. is a husky six-foot Irishman, on relief for the first time because his union didn't have funds for a long strike. A welder who has always worked steadily, he is bitter about being on relief. He wouldn't do it except that he has a wife and three young sons. "It's pauper's papers you sign," he said. He gets $145.90 a month from the Welfare Department, out of which he pays $25 a month rent. "But last week our food bill alone was $27. I hocked my wife's engagement ring to pay the difference between the bill and the budget."

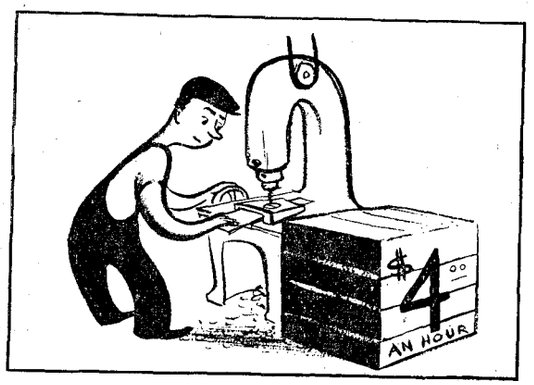
UP IN Harlem Mrs. Minnie C. brings up three children in a four-room tenement flat for which she pays $33 a month. Although the arrange-

"I see where Bulgaria is a menace to our security."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1. If you work for wages, you work part of your time for nothing . . . and here's how you can prove it. You say you get a dollar an hour but that can't be right . . . Why?



2. Because you may produce $4 worth in an hour. Let's just say you do produce $4 in an hour. That means you turn out your dollar of wages in less than an hour . . . doesn't it?

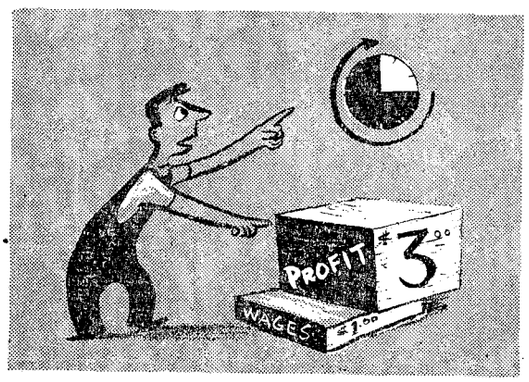
3. The boss gets all
gets it because he
raw materials, mach

WORKING FOR NOTHING

A condensation of a film strip produced by the Trade Union Dept. Abraham Lincoln School of Chicago

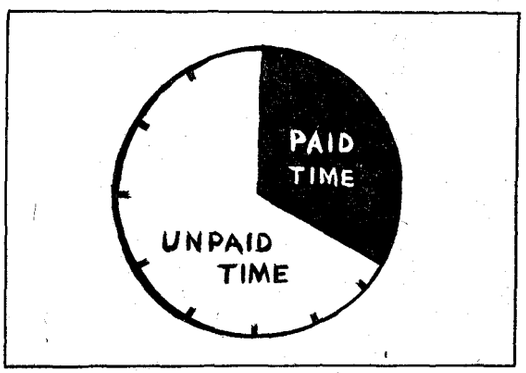
Made by
PEGGY KRAFT

Adapted from the book
WHY WORK FOR NOTHING?
by HERMAN SCHENDEL

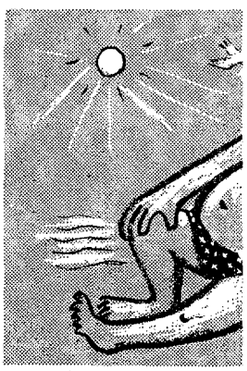


6. So if it only takes you 15 minutes to produce your dollar, you work 45 minutes of that hour for nothing, producing profit for the boss. That's what is meant by "working for nothing."

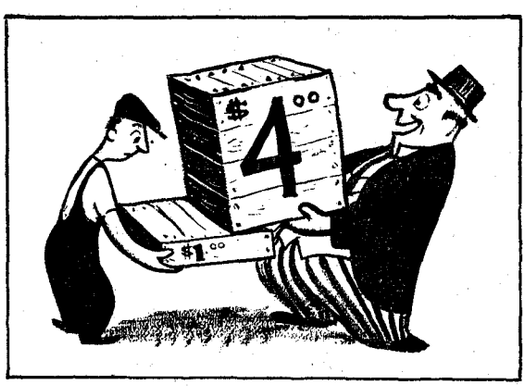
7. (To figure what y
value of raw materi
from your total hour
value you added, wha



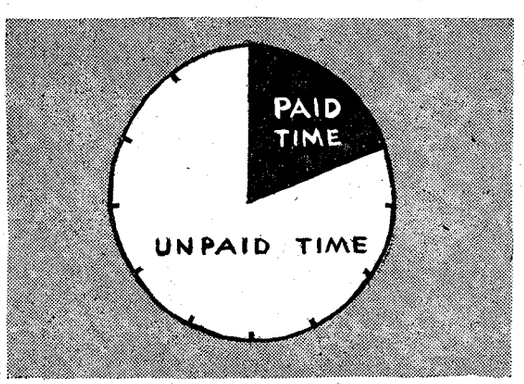
10. You're now working more of each hour for yourself. Your paid time has gone up from 15 minutes to over 18 minutes. Your unpaid time has fallen. You have a little more money in your pocket . . .



11. But the boss doesn
he sits and tries to figu
getting more unpaid wo



14. And if you get a dollar an hour, your wages are now only 20 percent of your production where they used to be 25 percent.

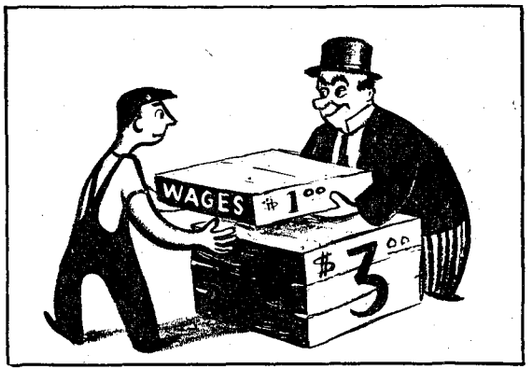


15. You're working less for yourself, more for nothing. In the financial pages the bosses boast that they want to press every ounce of work out of you; that's why they pushed through the Taft-Hartley Law.

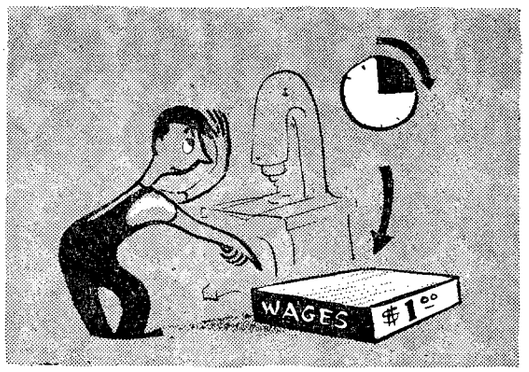
16. The employers point
say, "Look how they'v
1945." But when you
labor, you can see wag

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

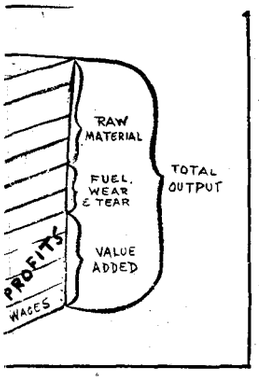
produce in an hour. He the product you make, buildings, etc. . . .



4. The boss pays you your $1 out of the $4 you produce . . . but he keeps the $3 profit. He may have to share it with bankers and others, but he didn't *produce* it. *You* did.

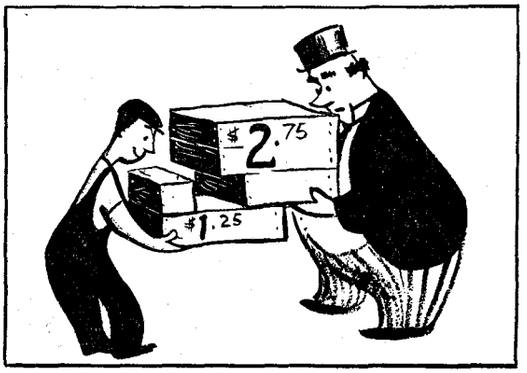


5. If you produce $4 in an hour, in shoes or coats or cars, or what have you, how long does it take to turn out $1? It only takes you 15 minutes to produce your dollar of wages.

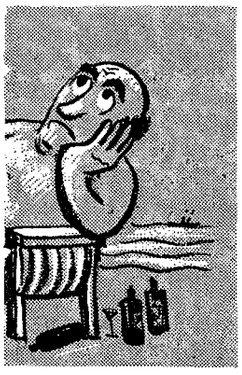


roduce, you subtract the fuel and wear-and-tear utput. What's left is the *u produced.)*

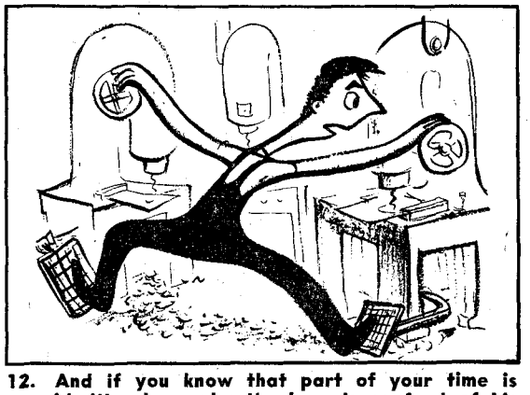
8. If you know you work part of your time for nothing, you can see why the NAM and the Chamber of Commerce—the employers' union—fight so hard against *your* unions.



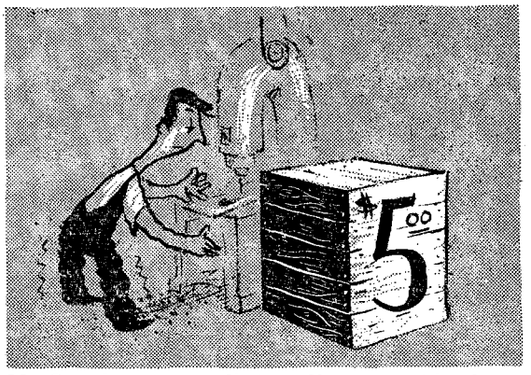
9. Suppose your union negotiates a 25 cents an hour increase . . . If you're still turning out $4 an hour, your wage increase gives you $1.25 out of the $4 and the boss' cut falls to $2.75 an hour.



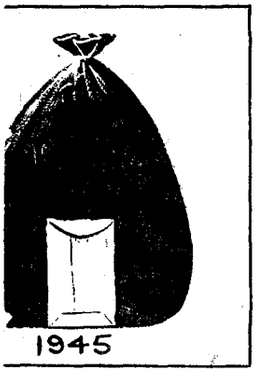
ike it. Down in Florida out ways and means of ut of you.



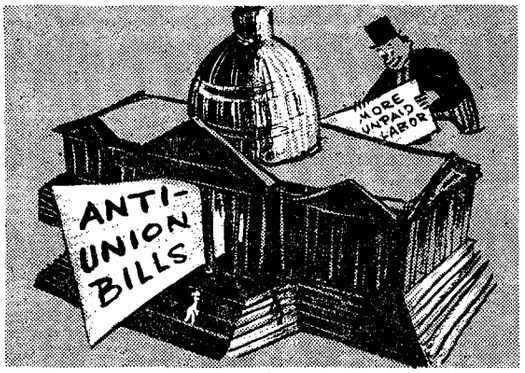
12. And if you know that part of your time is unpaid, it's clear why the boss is so fond of his speed-up system. He'll give you two machines to run instead of one . . .



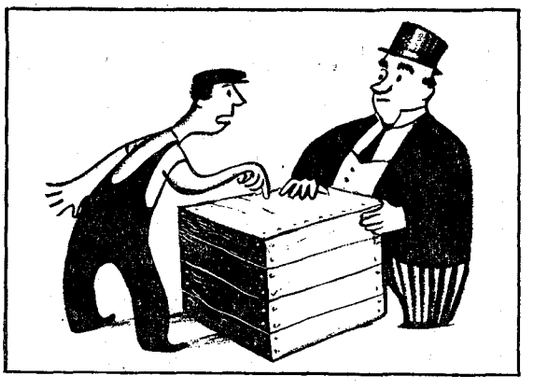
13. Speed you up so that pretty soon you're turning out $5 an hour—not $4. You're all burned out after a day's work. You're wearing out your working life.



o your money wages and gone up from 1939 to npare wages to unpaid have gone down.



17. The bosses use Congress to break your unions, to sweat more unpaid labor out of millions of workers. They blame strikes and conflicts on the Communists and "agitators"—but don't let anybody kid you . . .



18. Capital fought labor in this country long before there was a Communist movement. *You* know why they fight unions, why they fight democracy. *They* want you to work more and more time for nothing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of her sparse furniture is neat, no amount of effort can make this place look clean. The walls are peeling, the plaster is streaked and the ceiling is criss-crossed with cracks. The floor has not been painted in years. Decades of neglect have given the place an air of utter hopelessness. Mrs. C.'s husband died of pneumonia last spring; she has rheumatic fever. She goes to a free clinic but sometimes she must buy medicine. It's not provided for in the monthly budget of $136. When she buys medicine, she charges food. "I got a place where the man credits me." Her three little ones play in the street—there is nothing in her "de luxe" budget for recreation.

INADEQUATE budgets for the skyrocketing cost of living, together with the critical housing shortage, are twin harbingers of misery for the people on relief. In May the Welfare Department averaged three evictions a day. With the abolition of rent ceilings the first week of July, 212 warrants were issued. In the next two weeks the United Harlem Tenants and Consumers Organization reported fifty-seven evictions in their district alone. According to the Welfare Department the only thing that can be done now for these homeless families is to reopen vermin-infested, condemned tenements or place them in the Municipal Lodging House.

Progressive city councilmen have an infinitely better solution. Eugene Connolly has introduced a resolution in the New York City Council to build 200,000 unsubsidized housing units and Michael Quill has proposed a resolution to increase the relief budget sixty percent. Both measures still "rest in committee."

The publication of the Blair Committee findings, announced for the end of June, has been postponed indefinitely. Social workers feel that the report awaits only the propitious moment to be used by Mr. Dewey as campaign ammunition.

Unemployment in New York City has risen to 450,000. The relief rolls are rising at the rate of 3,500 a month; 900,000 people in the state are getting some kind of aid. Unless unions push for higher welfare standards now, they will find their membership dispersed on relief rolls and will be confronted with the task of organizing the unemployed. The Social Security laws must be strengthened and extended, or they face the same fate as the Wagner Act.

THE EISLER TRIAL

A MISTAKE, MR. MEYER?

The question of whether or not truth is "material" is a judicial problem in DC.

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

"THE government does make mistakes," Ira P. Meyer, divisional assistant in the State Department's visa division, apologized with a twitch of his lips. In the Gerhart Eisler trial, Mr. Meyer's conduct on the witness stand appeared to be ruled by an almost pathologic fear of just that—of making a mistake, as his superiors might view it. Presumably it was for that reason that he kept eyeing FBI agent Robert Lamphier, who sat alongside Asst. US Atty. William Hitz, before he answered questions put to him by Defense Counsel A. J. Isserman. Unfortunately, the jury was out during much of Mr. Meyer's schizophrenic behavior, when he tried so loyally to serve the prosecution and preserve at least the technical appearance of truth demanded by the juridical process.

Had the jury had the benefit of seeing Meyer writhe and turn, and polish his eyeglasses, and twitch his lips, and eye Lamphier almost prayerfully, it would have been supplied with a dramatic contrast. For Eisler, the short, muscular, clean-cut German Communist whose case has dragged on for four weeks, followed Mr. Meyer on the stand. It was the State Department witness who gave the perfect portrayal of all a Communist is supposed to be in the lurid propaganda of J. Edgar Hoover, J. Parnell Thomas *et al.* It was the State Department witness who was shifty-eyed and crafty, who, along with Mr. Hitz, tried to conceal from the jury the relevant facts of the case. It was Meyer, not the man charged with making three false statements, who admitted giving three different and wholly inconsistent stories on the stand. And it was Eisler, whom Hitz in his opening statement had pictured as a "Moscow agent" and "Comintern representative" craftily concealing his affiliations, who told a frank and straightforward story.

Meyer was put on the stand by Isserman, after originally testifying for the prosecution, because the defense needed him to crack open the entire government case by revealing that the State Department had twice cleared Eisler with the FBI and then given him a departure permit. The government did everything in its power to prevent the jury from knowing that the State Department ever gave the defendant permission to leave the country. When it couldn't prevent the admission of the exit permit as evidence, it sought to show that this permit was not given as a result of the defendant's application filed on Sept. 7, 1945, but in response to two other applications.

But there was the matter of the serial number on the permit. Mr. Meyer said it was a "mistake," a mistake made by some clerk who had written "No. 22154" on the permit in ink. This is the number on the September 7 application, and it is the alleged false statements made in that application on which the government indicted, and now seeks to imprison, Eisler.

Isserman read aloud the instructions for the application, containing the pregnant phrase, ". . . the application number will appear on a notification card [the permit] which will be sent to the applicant." The court, saying the permit "does have a bearing . . . on the substantiality of the concealment and on the intent of the defendant," pointed out it "bears the same serial number as the application

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that is the basis for this." Hitz, in a panic, tried to keep out everything that told what happened to the application. If Eisler had made false statements in that, this was enough for Hitz, even if the government had the correct information, thus making the alleged false statements immaterial. He was fearful that the defense would argue that the questions were not material, "or he would not have been permitted to leave." At this, the court cheerfully said he thought the defense would do just that. But materiality, Mr. Hitz argued, was something the government didn't have to prove. Said the court, "Well, can you conceive of a man being punished for making a completely immaterial misrepresentation?" And Justice Morris went on: "It just shocks me a little bit to say a man is to be punished for making a representation that is wholly immaterial. I mean I just can't understand it. . . . I mean it is just beyond my comprehension to say it is an offense to make a concealment of something that has no materiality to it. I mean it isn't our concept of the law."

DILLY **By Sam Pollach**

"But what makes you so sure General Marshall won't like it?"

BUT the polished Mr. Hitz apparently was undismayed by this comparatively quaint notion of law, which has so little place in the department run by Tom Clark. Mr. Hitz went on brightly to remark, anent the questions in point, that "whether or not the State Department subsequently . . . completely lost sight of the fact they were falsely answered, if they knew it, indeed, I don't think that is the test." And when the judge said he would admit the data the defense wanted in, Mr. Hitz showed his annoyance with the whole idea that juries must be, as the judge put it, "the fact-finders," or that they must be anything, in the District of Columbia, but a tool of the Justice Department, approving everything that department approves. Said Hitz contemptuously:

"We will be having the jury act like they do in some of the cities where they have young people act as mayor and the police department on certain days. We will have them acting as the State Department as to whether or not the State Department could have asked, should have asked."

After Isserman had persevered through hours of tortuous answers by Mr. Meyer he finally won from him the admission that he had had two reports from the FBI on Eisler, one in 1942 and one in 1945 (actually there was a third in 1946, evidence showed). Mr. Meyer first said that he could remember their contents and then said that he couldn't. The court then asked him if he could.

"Your honor," replied Meyer, "I believe I would have to get it from the FBI before I could make any statement." Obviously "it" meant "consent."

By this time Justice Morris' seemingly infinite patience was wearing thin. "Oh," he asked sharply, "you are testifying now as to what you are willing to testify to—not what is the state of your recollection?" And when the witness floundered in reply, the judge cracked down with: "I will rule on whether or not you can answer the questions." Shortly after this, when Meyer continued to evade, the judge asked: "Can't you tell us, Mr. Meyer, frankly, what you mean?"

When the jury returned, Defense Attorney Rein argued that it would be a time-saver if Meyer's testimony remaining in the record could be read to the jury. This, however, the court barred, even though the judge admitted that the witness' credibility was "an element which the jury must consider." Isserman contended, in vain, that the credibility "could best be demonstrated by the answers given on the stand" in the jury's absence.

Mr. Hitz' fear that the testimony would be immaterial proved unfounded. When the jury returned Meyer had to admit having given three distinct versions of the application on which the permit was granted. First he said that the application of Sept. 5, 1945, grew into the permit. Then, under Mr. Hitz' prodding, he said there was a later questionnaire for returning German nationals which ripened into the permit and finally, that the State Department waived all applications (this was the testimony that the judge found "surprising") and granted the permit on a mere letter of Eisler's. There were other intricacies and contradictions, so that at one point Justice Morris said wearily: "I think we are not only floundering around, but we are putting the United States government in a ridiculous position. . . ."

When the jury got the story, the contradictions remained clear, contradictions which arose out of Mr. Meyer's effort to help the prosecution "get Eisler" whether or not he harmed or deceived the government.

MEYER finally admitted, reluctantly, that a "stop order" of Oct. 5, 1945, directed by his Visa Division to the immigration authorities, purporting to be based on the fact Eisler

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

claimed Austrian nationality (he served in the Austrian army in World War I), was made for other reasons. The "other reasons," it developed, were based on FBI information, of which he could only recall that there were "strong indications" Eisler was "affiliated to the Communist Party." This served another purpose of the defense—namely, to explode Meyer's previous testimony that the 1945 application on which the indictment is based couldn't have been the application which the State Department approved, because it was "abandoned" after six months, in line with some vaguely defined practice. At no time, he admitted, had the State Department ever written Eisler that it was "abandoned."

But the cooperation with the FBI on the Eisler case, which the State Department bragged about in a press release of Feb. 23, 1947, was not ended when Eisler wrote informing the State Department that he and his wife would leave on the Soviet ship *Kuzma Minin* about October 14. At the bottom of his letter Mr. Meyer wrote, "Mr. Griffee, FBI, was informed," and it was indicated that the port authorities were notified. Neither the so-pleasant FBI agent, Lamphier (who, Eisler later told the jury, admitted to him that if he had been in Eisler's place he might have concealed his Communist membership when he applied for an American transit visa to escape the Gestapo on Apr. 15, 1941, in France) nor Mr. Meyer bothered to tell the Eislers their permit was cancelled at the last minute. Eisler told how his baggage had been checked by customs officials, how most of it was on the boat and his apartment empty, when on October 16 his wife called the port authorities to make sure all was in readiness. The sailing date had been postponed until around October 18. Only then did they learn their permit was revoked.

The defendant, telling this, remained imperturbable, calmly smiling, only answering the bare question. The rest is public knowledge, however. Even though cheated of making an arrest of this "Comintern agent" and "boss" of American Reds, a figure Louis Budenz had described in a speech in Detroit just a few days before, a figure conveniently "revealed" as Eisler by Frederick Woltman of the New York *World-Telegram* after the speech, the FBI had their man. The Un-American Committee lost no time in making capital of him. And a German Communist faced another struggle without surprise or dismay.

EISLER, on the witness stand, told how around July 9, 1946, he was visited by Lamphier of the FBI. "He said he was the best informed man in the US about me—he told me about a great file supposed to deal with me," said Eisler tolerantly, glancing at Lamphier. He asked about his book, *The Lesson of Germany*, "which he had reviewed for his Department"—the book he had listed as one of the proofs of his anti-fascist activity on the questionnaire filled out by him the previous April.

Then followed this exchange between him and his counsel:

Q. Did he ask you about any organizations you belonged to in Germany? A. Yes. I think that was quite early in the [two-hour] interview. I said, "To the German Communist Party—and you know it."

Q. Did he ask you certain questions you said you wouldn't care to discuss? A. Right. . . . Mr. Plant [Francis X. Plant, government witness and another FBI agent who accompanied Lamphier] then said, "Well, you ask a favor, you want to leave this country, yet you are not willing to give us all the information we ask."

He said he interpreted this as a threat, and immediately went to the telephone after the interview and called Mr. Meyer, telling him of the interview "with these gentlemen of the FBI." He continued: "I asked him if there was any information he wanted and said I'd be glad to come to Washington to give it. He said he didn't know anything about the interview with the FBI and didn't think it was necessary to come down to Washington, and he didn't think I would have any trouble."

Asked, "Are you affiliated with a Communist Party in any place in the world now?" Eisler, his brown eyes at once sad and smiling behind his horn-rimmed glasses, replied, "Unfortunately not." He explained that he first was a Communist in the trenches in Austria, and after turning in his card and announcing his departure, went to Germany in 1920, where he joined the German party. He explained that a Communist can belong to but one party, that it inevitably is a party confined to national borders, and that now no national party is permitted in Germany; in the Soviet zone it has merged with the Socialist Party. The Soviet ship would have taken him to Odessa and his transit visa allowed him to stay there until he could get a train to Leipzig in the Soviet zone.

He explained that he had gone to China as a journalist for Communist papers in Germany, and thereafter to the Soviet Union, where he was hospitalized a few months. It was "a perfect fabrication" that he ever represented the Communist International there or elsewhere. Eisler did admit that he deliberately withheld two things from the government in applying to leave the country—that he had made visits to the US in 1934 and 1935, and that at that time he had on occasion used the name of "Edwards." But the admission was not in any way an apologia, but a fighting statement of creed, a delineation, without his saying so, of his purpose in life. In reciting it, for the first time he departed from his calm, almost mellow manner of answering Mr. Isserman's questions in simple statements of fact.

"I have told you why I came to the United States in this period," he said. "I have told you I came here to enlist aid against Hitler." If he had answered that on the printed form, he said, he would have been questioned as to who helped him. "I wanted to avoid making any possible trouble for decent people," he said. If he had answered as the government wanted him to, he said, "nothing would have happened to me; I would have been allowed to leave the country.

"But those who helped me would have been in trouble here while I was sitting in Germany. I could not do it," he said, with evident emotion, his smiling eyes now clouded over with memories. He leaned forward, his voice rising for the first time. "We expelled German Communists from the party if they had been tortured by the Gestapo —even inhumanly tortured — and given the names of people who helped them," he said. He sat back, his voice fell. "I had no illusions that the United States government didn't know. I know something about turncoats and stool-pigeons in this country," and he mentioned his sister, the Trotskyite Ruth Fischer. "I was sure the government knew all about me. But whatever knowledge they may have had, I was determined that it would not be any act of mine that would make trouble for others, whatever the consequences for me."

Miss Gardner's article was written before the Eisler case went to the jury.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nazi Underground

Hitler's henchmen had two plans for continued operations after defeat. How are they working?

By VICTOR MINAYEV

WELL-INFORMED people say that May 16, 1943, was the day when the Nazis began to prepare for going underground. After their defeat at Stalingrad they realized that the Hitlerite pirate ship was doomed. On the second floor of the Gestapo building on Prinz Albrechtstrasse in Berlin, where Himmler's personal staff had their offices, conferences took place in March and April, 1943, at which in rough outline there was drawn up an extensive plan for postwar underground activity, not only inside Germany but also in a number of countries of Europe and America.

All these plans were discussed at secret consultations over which Hitler presided; and it was there that a decision was taken to set up a special organization to put them into effect. Himmler, as "Extraordinary Plenipotentiary of the Reich," was put at the head of this organization.

The carrying out of Hitler's instructions for the organization of the underground was entrusted to a special "Staff of the Extraordinary Plenipotentiary." It included Bormann, head of the so-called "Communications Staff," or center for coordinating the subversive activity of all the Hitlerite organizations; Hierl, Minister without Portfolio and leader of the Reich Labor Service; Ley, leader of the "Labor Front"; Kaltenbrunner, chief of the Home Intelligence Service, and Schepman, Chief of Staff of the S.A. Apart from these five, an important role was reserved for General Geismeyer, to whom supervision of the training of personnel was entrusted.

Most of the people who had the job of preparing for the Nazis' departure underground were members of the Gestapo. Their activities were a top secret in Hitlerite Germany. History, however, knows no secret which has not been revealed in the course of time.

Constantine Hierl, like Rudolph Hess, preferred to remain in obscurity and to act behind the scenes of the fascist dictatorship. However, his secondary official post as leader of the Reich Labor Service did not prevent him from belonging to Hitler's immediate entourage, in which he played a far from insignificant part. In that circle he enjoyed a reputation as a skilled conspirator.

And Hierl was in fact experienced in underground work. An officer of the Kaiser's General Staff, he took an active part, after the war of 1914-18, in the organization of secret reactionary societies which were created to fight the German people's democratic movement. He set forth this experience in a book entitled *Warfare With the Help of Improvised Armies*, published in 1923. In 1928 Colonel Hierl joined the Nazi Party. In 1937 he worked out, to cover "all eventualities," a plan for reorganizing the Nazi Party on an illegal basis.

Hierl laid down the basic principle of organization of the future Hitlerite underground. It was the principle of decentralization. It provided for the setting up of a widely-scattered network of underground groups, consisting of not more than three, six, or, in exceptional cases, ten members each. In the first stages, there was to be no connection between the individual groups, even though they might be in the same district, or even in the same office or factory.

The main staff of the fascist underground carefully worked out a system of camouflage for the personnel of the illegal organizations. As one of the Swiss newspapers has reported, about 50,000 S.S. men, recruited for the underground Nazi organizations, were "reborn" as peasants, artisans and traders. Many of these people are pretending to be refugees from the eastern regions of Germany. Others are acting the part of former prisoners-of-war who have returned to their native land. Still others are playing the part of Jews.

Shortly before the capitulation, the Hitlerites, on special instructions, set fire to the concentration camp for Jews at Bleichammer. The prisoners' documents and clothes, with a red cross on the back and yellow stripes sewn to the front, were distributed among S.S. men.

Individual Nazis went underground to the accompaniment of official reports in the press of their "death." In reality, they went to another part of the country, where no one knew them, under false names, and with faked documents. Some prominent Hitlerites underwent plastic operations which altered their appearance beyond recognition.

By the end of 1944, as the American press has reported, at least 10,000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gestapo men had been transformed into harmless "burghers" or "anti-Nazis."

One method of camouflaging the real personnel of the Nazi underground was the sending of "werewolves" to concentration camps or extermination camps in the guise of anti-fascists. Fictitious dossiers were created for them in the Gestapo and faked lists drawn up. In order the more effectively to obliterate all traces, and to transform these newly-baked anti-fascists into "captives of Hitlerism of many years' standing," they were shifted several times from one place of confinement to another.

The Hitlerites saw to it that their underground organizations had a solid material basis, documents and technical equipment. False passports and various other documents, and even well-worn pocketbooks, were prepared in special workshops. In various parts of the country, numerous secret stores were set up containing arms, ammunition, printing equipment and paper. These caches were distributed according to a plan known only to a very limited number of people, and were very thoroughly camouflaged.

THE Hitlerites worked out two independent but partly coinciding operational plans for underground and subversive activity.

One of these laid down the tactics for the period immediately after the capitulation of Germany.

The other was the long-range "strategic" plan.

The rapid advance of the Soviet Army threw these plans into confusion to a considerable extent. The Nazis had no time to carry out many of the measures which had been planned, while others were incomplete. Tens of thousands of Germans who had been recruited for the illegal Hitlerite organizations met the occupation in a state of panic and confusion. Many of them had not yet become accustomed to their new roles. A prominent Nazi who had enjoyed all the pleasures of life did not find it so easy to turn into a "laborer" all at once.

The Hitlerites had reckoned to preserve in the German underground movement from 200,000 to 300,000 of the most reliable members of their party, drawn from the S.S. and the Gestapo. In keeping with the principle of decentralization, a number of independent and unconnected secret organizations were set up. One of the first was the "Werewolf" organization, to which the Hitlerites gave full publicity. On April 2, 1945, the German radio put out a statement by the German Information Bureau to the effect that in territory occupied by the Allies a secret "Werewolf" organization had come into existence, with the aim of "killing soldiers of the occupation forces, without distinction of nationality, age, family position or personal behavior."

This proclamation was evidently intended to distract attention from the other underground groups.

During the first period after the capitulation the "Werewolves" were guided by a directive of the chief underground staff to the effect that, in view of all the circumstances, activity on a wide scale was temporarily prohibited: they accordingly confined themselves to petty acts of sabotage or individual assassinations. This directive informed the "Werewolves" that they would be told when activities on a wider scale should begin, and that this moment would probably arrive in the second half of the winter of 1945-46, when the economic situation would have become so difficult that the Nazis would be ensured of the support of the population—for the time being still in a state of apathy.

During this transitional period the members of the fascist underground tried in the first place to get work in the institutions set up by the occupation authorities—the police, transport, municipal departments and the courts. In particular, they strove to infiltrate into police organizations.

The secret instruction referred to above made a special recommendation to members of the Nazi underground to apply Trojan horse tactics in the police machinery on as wide as possible a scale. A number of known facts indicate how this instruction is being carried out.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* has pointed out that nearly all the higher police posts in the British zone of occupation are held by former Hitlerites. The Chief of Police of Hanover in 1946 was Lieut.-Col. Schulte, who was in charge of the German police at the Hague during the German occupation of Holland. His deputy was Lieut-Col. Boetz, who formerly worked on Himmler's staff. When Schulte and Boetz had been dismissed, another well-known Nazi, Major Krumrey, was appointed Chief of Police of Hanover, and Major Limbert, a Nazi with a very murky past, was appointed his deputy.

Many police institutions of Hanover and Westphalia are now nests of former Gestapo agents. Lieut.-Col. Berndt, a member of the Nazi Party since 1933, and a prominent Gestapo

DOUBLE CZECH

OWEN LATTIMORE writes in the *New Republic*, July 28, page 14: "Czechoslovaks, though Slavs and intending to remain Slavs, belong culturally to the non-Slavic West and not to the Slavic East."

VICTOR SEROFF writes in the *New Republic*, July 28, page 15: ". . . cultural ties are the strongest ones . . . that bind the Czechs to the Russians." And further, "Despite cultural affinities to the East, the Czechs consider themselves Westerners."

Philip Koff of Chicago, who sent us this item, says, "One thought that has come to me is the need for a critical study which will demolish this myth of a Slavic culture that is alien from so-called Western culture. How much poorer would the world of literature, music, philosophy and science be without the contributions of the Russian giants in these fields! Certainly each nation has its particular national cultural history and development, but it is illiterate, to say the least, to imply that the culture of the Slavic countries is antithetical to that of Western Europe. Mr. Lattimore might ponder over the fact that more copies of the English classics are printed and read in the Soviet Union each year than in the United States. This includes Chaucer and Shakespeare, Sheridan and Dryden, Jack London and Mark Twain."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, was recently appointed Chief of Police of Dortmund. In charge of the criminal police of one of the districts of Hanover is Wilkenning,. *Sturmfuhrer* of S.S. and a member of the S.D. Seven former S.S. officers have been discovered among the Wiesbaden police in the American zone—one of them was formerly chief of an S.S. personnel department.

That the police force should be composed of people like this is of course very convenient for the Nazi underground groups.

The occupation authorities in Western Germany are constantly coming up against such groups. They scarcely have time to announce the exposure and liquidation of one such group before others arise in its place.

During two years of the occupation of Germany the authorities in the Western zones have published ten official communications announcing the liquidation of Nazi underground organizations. The latest appeared at the end of February, 1947. It dealt with the discovery of an underground organization functioning throughout Wuertemberg, Baden, Hesse and Northern Bavaria, and also in the British occupation zone.

As the foreign press has reported, there exist in Western Germany some thirty to forty illegal Nazi organizations. At Nuremberg there is an underground group called *Acht und Acht* ("Eight and Eight"),* in Bavaria and the Rhineland there are the *Edelweisspiraten* and the *Bands of the Devil's Road*, in Schleswig-Holstein the *Irma Greese Secret Society*, at Rastatt the *Radical Nazis* ("RANA"). Recently there has appeared in the British and American zones a new Nazi organization—the *German Movement for Liberty and Peace.*

All these organizations and groups are carrying out a carefully coordinated "underground policy."

THE second plan of underground activity worked out by the Nazis is the "NN" plan, which means *nach der niederlage*—"after the defeat." Its aim is to maintain pro-Nazi feelings among wide sections of the population, in order to ensure that discontent and anger against the occupation regime gradually take a sharper and sharper form. The atmosphere is to be made more tense by the systematic spreading of all kinds of provocative rumors. In this artificially excited atmosphere of nervousness and discontent, the underground Nazi groups are to become more active.

A most important part of the "NN" plan is to prevent the development of a mass democratic movement in Germany. For this purpose it was proposed to set up a kind of "fifth column" inside the democratic organizations.

The plan provided for exciting inter-party disputes and internal controversies within the democratic parties and the trade unions, with the object of hindering the unity of the democratic organizations. Those who drew up the plan assumed that in the Western zones of occupation they would have greater opportunities for subversive work than in the part of Germany which would be occupied by Soviet troops.

The preparations for carrying out the "NN" plan, in the sphere of combatting the postwar anti-fascist movement, began as early as 1943. It took the form of selecting appropriate personnel and of creating around them in good time that requisite "atmosphere of confidence" without which they would not be able to come forward before the masses at the right moment.

For this purpose the Nazis released from concentration camps several members of the former German Social-Democratic Party who had been imprisoned in 1933. Naturally, those were let out who had given the Gestapo proofs of their "reliability." Among the Social-Democrats interned by the Nazis the Gestapo found a certain number of highly-skilled and exceptionally zealous informers, who threw much light on the opinions of their fellow-prisoners.

After the capitulation of Germany, Social-Democrats of this variety began to display great activity. Their task was to get hold of the leadership of local organizations of the Social-Democratic Party. Known in the past as the most virulent opponents of German working-class unity, they now resumed their disruptive and anti-democratic activity, which unfortunately met in many cases with the support of the occupation authorities in the Western zones of Germany.

In recent weeks the Nazi underground movement has been more active. The problem of denazification is therefore becoming still more important both for the Germans themselves and for the occupation authorities.

* H, the initial letter of Hitler's name, is the eighth in the alphabet.

ONE YEAR OF NEW MASSES
Combined with one of these books:

MASTERS OF THE DEW
by JACQUES ROUMAIN
Translated by Langston Hughes and Mercer Cook
List price $2.50; Comb. price $7.75

*Reduction made from subscription rate (regularly $6 a year), not book list price

	List Price	Combination Price
KINGSBLOOD ROYAL *by Sinclair Lewis*	3.00	8.25
STALIN MUST HAVE PEACE *by Edgar Snow*	2.50	7.75
THE DARK SHIP *by Richard O. Boyer*	2.75	8.00
MAN AGAINST MYTH *by Barrows Dunham*	2.75	8.00
THE MANY AND THE FEW *by Henry Kraus*	2.50	7.75
CRITICS AND CRUSADERS *by Charles A. Madison*	3.50	8.50
SIN AND SCIENCE *by Dyson Carter*	2.50	7.75
HURRY UP PLEASE, IT'S TIME *by Elizabeth Hawes*	2.50	7.75
ALL MY SONS (Play) *by Arthur Miller*	2.00	7.25
MIRROR OF THE PAST *by K. Zilliacus*	3.75	8.75
BETRAYAL IN THE PHILIPPINES *by Hernando Abaya*	3.00	8.25
CLODS OF SOUTHERN EARTH *by Don West*	2.50	7.75

NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street
New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
I wish to take advantage of your combination offer. Enclosed find $.....

The combination desired is:.....

.....

Please send it to:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone.... State.....
Add 50¢ or Canadian, $1 for Foreign Postage

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

review and comment

FOSTER LOOKS AT EUROPE

In the new democracies production is aimed to fulfill the needs of society as a whole.

By JOHN PITTMAN

THE NEW EUROPE, *by William Z. Foster. International.* 35¢.

IT IS the cardinal merit of this concise book by the chairman of the Communist Party of the United States that it projects, in a time of the widest confusion and the most acrimonious debate over policy regarding Europe, a distinctively American viewpoint and an American program. William Z. Foster does this on the basis of a three-months' tour of Europe in the winter and early spring of 1947. He visited England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Trieste, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Poland. His short survey contains the facts upon which American policy should be based.

What is the character of the New Europe? This is the fundamental question. Before we know what kind of policy we should strive to develop toward Europe, we have to know what kind of Europe is developing. Unfortunately, many Americans have been given a picture of the New Europe that fills them with anything but confidence. We are being led to believe that a part of Europe is hopelessly trapped in the toils of something which is called "totalitarianism" —a catch-word that conjures up the vision of the bootjack, the concentration camp, slave labor and the denial of all human rights; and which also is intended to portray the influence and policy of the Soviet Union as essentially the same as that of Hitler Germany. Other countries of Europe, we are told, are in danger of inundation by this "totalitarian" flood-tide.

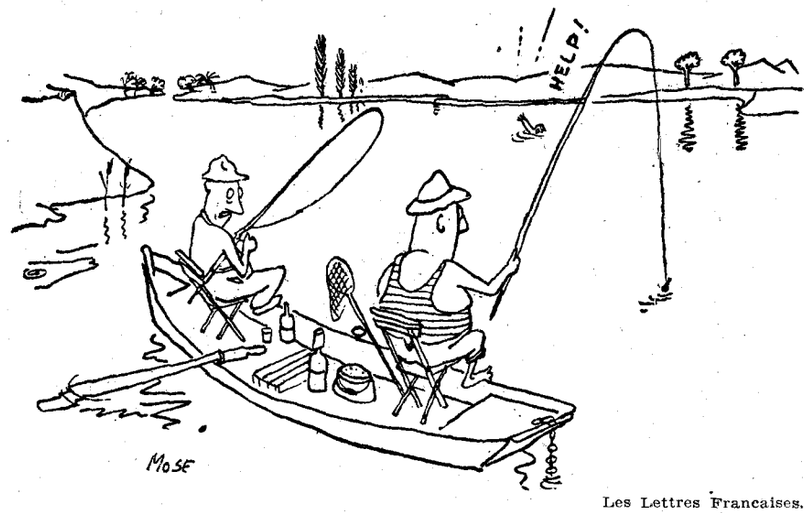
The picture of the New Europe painted by Foster rejects this view. It punctures the myth of "totalitarianism." He tells us how and by whom the governments were elected, how they represent their respective populations.

Are the economies of the New European countries unstable and oppressive? Do they generate misery for the peasants and workers, as was the way for past centuries? Do the New European governments inflict the old miseries upon women and national minorities? Do they penalize the youth and the intellectuals? Foster has chapters on all these questions. He marshals facts to show the nature of real national unity, to round out a genuine American picture of the New Europe. This genuine American picture is one which looks at the long-suffering peoples of Europe as being, like ourselves in the days of the American Revolution and the early days of Reconstruction, proud of their independence and determined to shape their own destinies toward greater material well-being and freedom for all. In a sense, one can say that if the American dream has grown dim in the overcast political skies of our country, its brilliance has been reborn with the rising sun of the New Europe.

Of such people none of us need be suspicious or afraid. They are committed to the realization of the great visions which for so long impelled our forefathers to expand continuously the frontiers of liberty and security—visions which, at the present moment, have been blurred and distorted by the pseudo-artists of false pictures of other peoples and ourselves.

Foster's language summarizing this character of the New Europe is specific. "The masses in Europe are again striking at the root evil that is producing the ever-more disastrous series of devastating world wars, economic crises and tyrannous governments—namely, the monopoly-controlled capitalist system itself. They do not accept the stupid notion, current in some American political circles, to the effect that the capitalist system is a sort of divinely-ordained institution which can do no harm, and that the war was caused merely by Hitler and a few other unscrupulous and ambitious men in the fascist countries. Instead, they are trying to abolish the real evil, the capitalist system. . . .

"The new economic reorganization in Europe is based upon a growing mass realization that production must be carried on for the benefit of society as a whole and not to swell the profits of a handful of parasitic capitalists who perform no useful role in indus-



Les Lettres Francaises.

"See? That's what it means not to be able to swim."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

try. It is in this general sense that many peoples in Europe are developing an economic system which, by breaking the controls of monopoly, will eventually put a halt to economic crises, bring about full employment, and lead to a planned improvement in the living and cultural standards of the masses."

Surely, this perspective coincides completely with the great American dream. And, obviously, we would want to help and go along with this kind of a Europe.

THE question of our policy in regard to Europe is of vital import for us. And it is perhaps best to waive all pretense to humanitarianism, and to say forthrightly that we want a policy that conforms most closely to our own viewpoint and best serves our own interests. Our policy should be an American policy: that is, a policy that benefits the great majority of the American people.

Foster gives much thought to this question, which comprises three chapters in his book. The gist of this thought, as it concerns especially the Marshall Plan, he summarizes as follows:

"Europe will not return to 'free enterprise' and the rule of the trusts, as the big employers and their mouthpieces here are demanding, but will press forward to still more advanced democratic measures. If American economic help can be given to Europe on this progressive basis, well and good; it will then speed up the general recovery process. But if such help cannot be given, democracy will go on without it. To restore 'free enterprise,' with all its reactionary implications, as the United States is trying to do, would be to throw Europe into economic and political chaos. Europe is on the march forward. It will not be driven back by reactionary pressures. The answer to Europe's critical needs is not American money, bayonets and puppet governments."

Obviously, present Washington policy contradicts and opposes the interests of the American people. It is not an American policy for Americans. It is rather a billionaires' policy for the benefit of billionaires.

Foster presents, in conclusion, a program which will benefit the American people. "The foreign policy of the United States," he writes, "should be based on friendly cooperation with the Soviet Union and the new democracies now springing up in various parts of the world. Only this will lay the basis for a strong United Nations." And then he adds the heart of the whole matter—the key to forging a genuine American policy: "In order to develop a democratic and constructive foreign policy, the American people must defeat reaction here at home. The great trusts and monopolies now have the federal government in their grip. Their policies of ruthless imperialism abroad are matched by their program of fascist-like reaction in the United States. The two are but phases of one policy. The democratic, anti-fascist masses of the American people—workers, farmers, professionals, Negroes, veterans, small business people—must be rallied to smash this stranglehold of Wall Street upon our national life."

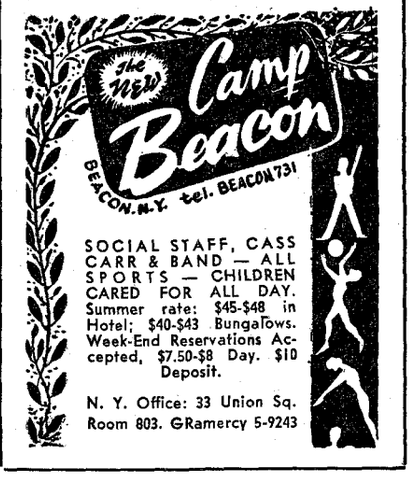
Here, then, is a book that, if widely circulated, can prove a powerful factor in awakening the American people to the war and fascist dangers inherent in the present US foreign policy, and arouse them to united and determined struggle for a policy truly in their own interests, and, hence, in the interests of the peoples of the world.

Red, White & Brown

REPORT ON THE GERMANS, *by W. L. White. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.

OF THE fifteen chapters comprising W. L. White's *Report on the Germans*, two deal with anti-Semitism and the extermination of Jews, two more give the author's notorious anti-Soviet outlook, and four are concerned with a superficial comparison between the world of 1919 and that of 1945. The remainder can hardly be considered a report on anything, except, perhaps, the bankruptcy of White's thinking and his journalistic ethics. It is a skillful rationalization, not of fascism (the author is too smart for that), but of the life history of German fascists.

White pleads the innocence of the vast majority of Germans, including those who had faith in Hitler up to the Battle of Stalingrad. He had conversations with a number of them and as long as they protested their former ignorance or disbelief of Nazi atrocities, he tolerated and often admired their views. His chief characters are one "Schultz," a former subordinate parasite in Goebbel's Ministry of Propaganda; a "Mrs. Sophie B.," a Jewish woman whose only loss during the war and the extermination of millions of other Jews was her nine-room


the new
Camp
Beacon
BEACON, N.Y. tel. BEACON 731
SOCIAL STAFF, CASS CARR & BAND — ALL SPORTS — CHILDREN CARED FOR ALL DAY. Summer rate: $45-$48 in Hotel; $40-$43 Bungalows. Week-End Reservations Accepted, $7.50-$8 Day. $10 Deposit.
N. Y. Office: 33 Union Sq. Room 803. GRamercy 5-9243

Complete Entertainment & Social Staff. Bob Adler, Director; Al Sheer & Orch.; Swimming; Rowing; Motor Boating; Canoes; Bicycles; Horses; 5 Superb Tennis Courts; All Sports. 285 Acres for Fun & Relaxation. LEAH OKUN, Dir.. Phone Chestertown 2830. City Phone: MA 4-8570.

Informal Adult Camp on Schroon Lake

plum point
vacation fun, year-round
on the majestic Hudson
• seasonal sports
• delicious food
• gay informality
55 MILES FROM NYC • NEW WINDSOR, NY • NEWBURGH 4270

MERRIEWOODE

A Camp for Adults **Stoddard, N. H.**

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Beautiful Highland Lake, 10 miles long, with good fishing and free use of boats; interesting hiking thru woodland trails; tennis, hand ball and badminton courts, shuffleboard, archery, riflery, croquet, square dancing.

August Rates: $55, $60, $65;
Sept. 1-15, $45 all accommodations
OLIVE H. G. BARON, *Director*

LAKELAND

Make Your Reservations Now for a Joyous Vacation at

Camp Lakeland
ON SYLVAN LAKE
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.
Telephone: Hopewell Junction 85

With All Facilities for a COMPLETE VACATION — RATES $40 and Up
DELICIOUS FOODS . . . ALL SPORTS
TOP-NOTCH ENTERTAINMENT

N.Y.C.R. to Pawling; Busses Direct to Camp from Dixie Terminal, West 42nd St.
Telephone: GRamercy 7-8659
New York Office: 1 UNION SQUARE W.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HILLTOP Lodge
ON BEAUTIFUL SYLVAN LAKE
Phone: Hopewell Junction 2761
R.R. Station: PAWLING, N. Y.
Only 65 miles from N. Y. C.
MANY NEW IMPROVEMENTS and ADDITIONS THIS SEASON
Complete and Varied Social and Athletic Facilities
TENNIS, Night Tennis, HANDBALL SWIMMING, BOATING, HORSEBACK, BASEBALL, CYCLING, Etc.
Our Food Is Tops
For the Utmost in Vacation Value CHOOSE HILLTOP
Under direction of
Paul Wolfson - Sol Rothauser
N. Y. Office: 105 Nassau St.
Tel.: COrtland 7-3958
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N.Y.

1½ miles from New York City
White Gates
WAPPINGER FALLS, N. Y.
For the easy informality of a country house
Swimming, clay tennis courts, ping-pong, bicycles, badminton, archery, etc.
RECORDINGS, LIBRARY
Open dining and outdoor dancing pavilion. Our cuisine—our special pride. Weekly $45 to $50, weekends $9 to $9.50 per day.
Telephone: Wappinger Falls 469

MAUD'S
SUMMER-RAY
North Branch Sullivan County, N. Y.
Telephone: Callicoon 95 or 148
GALA LABOR DAY FESTIVITIES
MUSIC, DRAMA, SPORTS, TENNIS, LAKE
ORCHESTRA, COCKTAIL BAR
For travel information, rates and reservations, call City Office:
Daily, GRamercy 7-5089; Sun., GRamercy 5-2473

Pine Crest in the Berkshires
WEST CORNWALL, CONN.
on the beautiful Housatonic River
A delightful Adult Resort
Main House & Deluxe Bungalows for 2
Boating, Swimming, fine Tennis, Bicycling
Music Recordings and dancing.
We are filled up for July.
A few accommodations for August.
DIANA & ABE BERMAN

The Woodlands
FOR ADULTS
For the Spirited: hiking, swimming, tennis, ping pong, handball, volleyball, archery, trout fishing
PHOENICIA, N. Y.
For the Lazybones: sound movies, modern library, recordings, fireplace, good eating.
ART CLASSES held by JOSEPH ZENK
Rates: $47.50 and $50.00 weekly
SIGGIE GOLDNER Phone: PHOENICIA 33 F 4

apartment and who otherwise survived unscathed with the help of German, even Nazi, friends; a charming baroness who spent eight months in a Gestapo prison for what, no doubt, was a charming indiscretion, but who is, fortunately, none the worse for her experience; and "Neumann," an ex-war correspondent — not a "real" Nazi, but the nearest thing to one that Mr. White and his three scouts could dig up in the whole of Berlin. Just as the author could not find a "*bona fide Nazi*," he was apparently unable to interview a progressive.

The two chapters on Jews and the frequently interlarded references to their plight under Nazism represent in the whole context of the book no more than the sugar coating on a foul-tasting pill. White refurbishes some ancient myths to justify his apologia for the German fascists. He reasserts that the Versailles Treaty and the changing policies of the victorious Allies toward a poverty-stricken Germany were responsible for Hitler's rise to power. Hitler himself used that argument as he went about doing the bidding of the Junkers and the financiers.

These and many more fallacies and distortions serve as the basis for White's war-mongering conclusions: that the United States should also have insisted on the occupation of all reconquered territories by Allied armies of equal size (Mr. White does not say whether this should have included Russian lands); that we should not have demobilized in such a hurry, because, as a result of this demobilization, President Truman did not have the power to change President Roosevelt's agreements with the Soviet Union; that the unconditional surrender formula was wrong and prolonged the war, because the poor Germans lost all heart and did not overthrow Hitler; and that we should have carried out Churchill's proposed invasion through the Balkans, which might have prolonged the war, but which would have stopped the Russians.

White is so busy lamenting the fate of Messrs. Kerensky, Keitel, Jodl and "our former gallant ally General Mihailovich," the Yugoslav traitor, that he completely forgets to give credit to John Foster Dulles for his theories. But Mr. Dulles won't mind as long as his disciple, while spuriously equating communism and fascism, plugs the latter.

CHARLES WISLEY.

VACATION
Jack Foner with full Social Staff and Band
•
All Sports Facilities
WITH JEFFERSON SCHOOL
Students and Friends
AT
Arrowhead
Weekend accommodations available
Stimulating lectures given by Jefferson School instructors.
at
Ellenville, N. Y. Tel. 502- 503
Reservations: Arrowhead Lodge or Jefferson School, 575 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. WAtkins 9-1600

Crystal Lake
Chestertown, N. Y.
CH-3830
THE DE-LUXE CAMP FOR ADULTS
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Private 60-acre lake — All sports
Sorry . . . but there are only openings to Sept. 1st in men's cabins.
RESERVATIONS AVAILABLE THROUGH SEPTEMBER
•
Write — Crystal Lake
N.Y. Phone: Jefferson School
575 6th Ave. - WAtkins 9-1600

YOURS! A little more than EVERYTHING!
FOR A WONDERFUL VACATION— MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW!
ALL SPORTS (professionally equipped)...riding, too...indoor recreations, Arts and Crafts, good eating, merry company, entertainment staff, musicales, open-hearth fires, cheery quarters (regular or de luxe).
WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150
CHESTERS ZUNBARG
A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

The ALLABEN
Ellenville 625 NAPANOCH, NEW YORK
City Office: GR 7-1882
ALL THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE A BIG VACATION
Cultural and Social Activities under supervision of THE SCHOOL OF JEWISH STUDIES
13 Astor Place, New York City
FAST TENNIS COURTS . . . CRYSTAL SWIMMING POOL . . . REGULATION HANDBALL COURTS . . . ORCHESTRA . . . SOCIAL STAFF AND ACTING COMPANY . . . DE LUXE ACCOMMODATIONS . . .
PLUS FAMED ALLABEN SERVICE AND CUISINE
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER
Edelheit & Schneider, Mgr's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

Classified Advertisements

50¢ a line. Payable in advance. Min. charge $1.50. Approx. 7 words to a line.
Deadline, Fri., 4 p.m.

INSURANCE

LEON BENOFF, serving a satisfied clientele since 1919, with every kind of insurance, including LIFE INSURANCE. 291 East 149th St., N. Y. Call Me. 5-0984.

INSURANCE

CARL BRODSKY—Any kind of Insurance including Automobile, Fire, Life, Compensation, etc. 799 Broadway, N. Y. C. Tel. GR. 5-3826.

EYE CARE

EUGENE STEIN, Optometrist—Eye examinations—Glasses Fitted—Visual Training. Room 507, 13 Astor Place (140 East 8th St.), NY 3 GRamercy 7-0930.

PIANOS RECONDITIONED

Why buy a new piano at today's inflated prices? Let us recondition your old one. Original tone and touch restored. Ralph J. Appleton: 157 East 56th St., Brooklyn 3, N. Y. DIckens 6-5777. PLaza 3-0566.

VERMONT VACATION

ETHAN ALLEN FARM offers simple living in beautiful countryside to a few guests. Inter-racial. $35 per week. Write: Miss Reland Gray, R.F.D. 2, Chester, Vt.

HEALTH REST

Take a sensible Health-Building Vacation at HEALTH REST vegetarian resort. Weekly, week-end; moderate rates. Phone Nanuet 2316, Nanuet, N. Y.

CITY SLICKER FARM

August Rate—$30. CITY SLICKER FARM, Jeffersonville, Sullivan Co., N. Y. Swimming. Barn dances. And food! Mmmm! Booklet. Callicoon 65 F 22.

THERE IS ONLY ONE
RUSSIAN SKAZKA
RESTAURANT
227 WEST 46th ST. • CI 6-7957

"For a Capitol Vacation"
HOTEL CAPITOL
LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y.
Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Spring Water, Tennis & Handball Courts. All Sports. Modern Accommodations. Booklet.
July rates $40 to $48 per week per person

50 miles from New York
Mamanasco LAKE LODGE
An ideal place to spend a Summer Vacation • Recordings. Fine Library. Open Fireplaces. Congenial Atmosphere. Famous Cuisine. Write or phone, Ridgefield 820.
RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

FILMS

"WE LIVED THROUGH BUCHENWALD," a Belgian-made film presented by Mage Films, is an attempt to tell the horrifying story of the prison that has become the symbol of fascist violence and degradation. Played against the background of the grim prison itself, in the shadow of the death chambers and crematoriums, with many scenes of actual activity within the barbed-wire enclosure, the picture should be fraught with all the drama of the brutality of the Nazis and its effect upon its victims.

This, however, is strangely lacking in the film. The prisoners look gaunt, scrawny, hungry and browbeaten. The guards indulge in senseless, unprovoked viciousness. There is a great deal of surreptitious whispering in a drive to organize resistance when the Allies arrive to liberate the prison. There is a martial band procession twice a day which sets off the pervading sense of stark doom. The trusties, from the prisoners' own ranks, take on much of the cruelty of the guards. In fact, all the elements of horror which must have pervaded Buchenwald itself are there. But somehow they add up to an unexciting movie.

Part of this is due to the English dialogue, which is synchronized with the lips of the actors—who spoke in French—and pitched incredibly low. As a result, the words are practically unintelligible. But the real difficulty is more profound, and probably stems from the fantastic character of Buchenwald itself. It is almost impossible to relate the inhuman brutality of the Nazi guards to reality. Who is there who can see such fiends in terms of living beings? I doubt very much that the real story can ever be told in realistic fashion.

A picture like this makes a valiant effort, it is true. There are moments of great excitement—especially in the early scenes of the round-up of political prisoners, and later in such episodes as the strangling by the men of the stool-pigeon who had caused the arrest of an anti-fascist school teacher and had ironically wound up in the same cell block with him.

But the movie as a whole lacks effect. Although it demands sympathy for the prisoners, it never succeeds in rousing the audience's fury. This is where it really fails, despite its high purpose and good intentions.

ETHEL KLEIN.

ARTKINO *Presents*
The most beautiful color spectacle ever seen
"Pageant of Russia"
Even more stunning than
"STONE FLOWER"
Produced in USSR
Also:
"NORTHERN KOREA"
First film report from the Russian zone
Latest newsreels from the U.S.S.R.
NOW COOL
STANLEY 7th Av., bet. 41st & 42d. WI 7-9686

Awarded First Prize as Best Foreign Film!
"THE ETERNAL MASK"
plus ARTKINO'S
"THREE SOVIET WOMEN"
Original Musical Score by Shostakovitch
IRVING PLACE IRVING PL. at 15th St.

• *New Paris Imports* •
Color Reproductions
SUMMER SPECIAL
20% reduction on all catalogue prices.
LIMITED TIME ONLY
UTRILLO
PICASSO
VLAMINCK
VAN GOGH
GAUGUIN
DAUMIER
DEGAS, ETC.
$1.45 and up
Large selection of Art Books. Domestic, French
Tribune SUBWAY Gallery
100 W. 42 St. (Sub. Arcade Downstairs)
ASK FOR CATALOGUE
232 pp 59 color and 653 reproductions

Camp Unity

Wingdale, N. Y.
For the BEST *in* SUMMER VACATIONS
- Outstanding Social Staff
- ART HODES and Band
- All Water and Sport Activities
- The Finest in Food

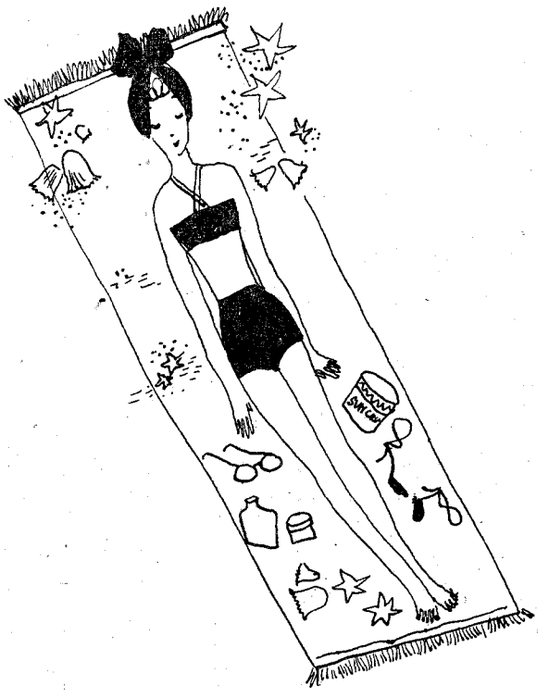
Consult our N. Y. Office for advice or information. Call on Wednesday for occasional weekend space.
DO NOT COME OUT WITHOUT RESERVATIONS

Rates: $40 and $43 $8 per day
N. Y. Office: 1 Union Sq., AL. 4-8024
10:30-6:15 Sat. to 1:00 p.m.

CALL ALGONQUIN 4-7954 FOR INFORMATION ON ADVERTISING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finish up that tan...



get away from it all...

new masses

LABOR DAY WEEK-END AT THE

ALLABEN

NAPANOCH NEW YORK

- **SPORTS**
  - Swimming
  - Hiking
  - Boating
  - Tennis
- **LECTURES**
  - Dr. B. A. Botkin — *Pride and Prejudice in American Folklore*
  - S. Finkelstein — *The Artist and His Audience*
  - Joseph Foster — *The Hollywood Scene*
  - Morris Schappes — *What's Happening in Palestine*
- **ENTERTAINMENT**
  - Pete Seeger, *folksinger*
  - Dancing
  - Music
  - Regular Allaben all-star show and band

CARNEGIE LIBRARY
AUG 18 1947
OF PITTSBURGH

RATES: For the week, $50. For the 3-day weekend beginning August 29, $30. Send reservations directly to: THE ALLABEN, Napanoch, N. Y. Enclose $5 deposit for each person.

Send bus reservations to: NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street, New York 3. Enclose fare, $5.00 round trip. Bus leaves NM office Friday, August 29th, at 6 p.m. Returns late Monday afternoon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED